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The Mercury.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1858, and is now in its one hundred and forty-ninth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, and with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, state, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in the city and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

TERMS: \$200 a year in advance. Single copies in wrappers, 5 cents. Extra copies can always be obtained at the office of publication and at the various news rooms in the city. Specimen copies sent free, and special terms given advertisers by addressing the publisher.

Societies Occupying Mercury Hall.

ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 205, Odd Fellows of St. George—Percy Jeffrey, President; Fred Hall, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.

NEWPORT TEXT, No. 15, Knights of the Ku Klux Klan—George A. Peckham, Commander; Charles S. Grandth, Recorder. Meets 2nd and 4th Mondays.

COURT WAXTON, No. 807, Foresters of America—William A. Ackerman, Chief Ranger; John D. Nelson, Jr., Recording Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

THE NEWPORT HOMOEOPATHIC SOCIETY—John D. Nelson, President; David McIntosh, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 2)—Miss M. Casey, President; Miss M. D. Duggan, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.

OCEAN LODGE, No. 7, A. O. U. W.—Harry L. Burbridge, Master Workman; Perry R. Dwyer, Recorder. Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays.

MALVERN LODGE, No. 58, N. E. O. P.—Dudley E. Campbell, Warden; Mrs. Dudley E. Campbell, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 1)—President, Mrs. J. J. Sullivan; Secretary, Miss G. Curley. Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

REDWOOD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—David Davis, Chancellor; Commander, Robert S. Franklin; Recorder, William H. Langley; Secretary, L. Gorton, Recorder. Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 1, K. of P.—Sir Knight, William H. Langley; Secretary, Everett L. Gorton, Recorder. Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.

CLAY McCLURE, No. 165—Robert B. Munroe, Chief; Alexander Gillies, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays.

Local Matters.

Board of Aldermen.

The session of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening was largely devoted to a discussion of the contract with the Newport Hospital for the care of city patients. The contract as authorized by the representative council last winter provided for the care of patients suffering from scarlet fever and diphtheria but no other contagious diseases. The board of health has a case of tuberculosis that they desire to get into the hospital but the hospital authorities claim that this is a contagious disease, a contention that is borne out by the decision of Dr. Swartz of the State board of health to whom the question had been referred by Mayor Clarke. The local board of health was represented before the board of aldermen by Dr. Ramsey who strongly contended that tuberculosis is not a contagious disease. It was finally decided that Mayor Clarke should make a formal demand upon the Newport Hospital for the admission of the patient and that in the event of refusal to accept him the matter should be carried into the courts for a decision. At Thursday evening's meeting the board of health also asked that an appropriation be made to care for this patient in a building outside the Asylum where he is now, but it was estimated that the expense would be about \$100 a month.

In the matter of telephonic contract City Solicitor Burdick reported that the Providence Telephone Company has a valid franchise and contract with the city until December, 1911. There was considerable discussion over the matter and Mayor Clarke was directed to try to secure lower rates from the company. It was reported that the building of the late E. P. Allan encroached on the adjoining property of the city and the matter was referred to the city solicitor, Joseph Wharton of Jamestown, was given permission to withdraw his petition for damages for loss of sheep alleged to have died from eating city swill that washed ashore on his property. President E. A. Brown of the Newport & Providence Railway Company explained that his company was considering the matter of putting on a freight car and if so they would need the tracks across Thames street. The matter was left over for a month.

The fifty-fourth anniversary of the Mt. Zion M. E. Church was observed by special services at the church on Monday evening.

A Monagenerian.

Mr. Smith Bosworth, one of the oldest and best known residents of Newport, died at his residence on Gould street on Thursday after a brief illness. He was in his sixty-sixth year but until his last illness his health had been remarkably good. Some two weeks ago he took cold and his age had so weakened him that he was unable to throw it off.

Mr. Bosworth was a native of Bristol, being born there on November 11, 1821. His family soon removed to Rehoboth, however, and later he came to Newport where he learned the carpenter's trade and afterwards engaged in business with Gideon Lawton in the operation of a planing mill on Bull street. He afterward organized the firm of Smith Bosworth & Company which took over the business and removed the mill to its present location on West Broadway. He gave active attention to his business and even after he had long passed the age when ordinary men retire from active business he continued to visit the mill daily.

Mr. Bosworth's wife died in 1859. She was a daughter of Captain Edward E. Taylor and they were married in 1837. He is survived by two sons, Messrs. Peleg S. and Edward T. Bosworth, and one daughter, Miss Rebecca K. Bosworth. He had been for many years a prominent figure in Newport. In his younger days he took an active part in the administration of municipal affairs. He was for a long time connected with the old volunteer fire department and held important offices in the department. He also served several terms in the city council.

New England Order of Protection.

The annual meeting of the Supreme Lodge, New England Order of Protection, was held in Boston Tuesday. There were about one hundred and fifty officers and representatives present representing all of the New England States. The order was shown to be in a most prosperous condition. A net gain of nearly 4000 has been made during the year, and the membership is now nearly 40,000. Financially the order was never in a better condition. In the choice of officers Rhode Island fared very well. John P. Sanborn of Newport was re-elected Supreme Treasurer, David P. Sherwood of Providence was chosen Supreme Guide, John A. Haslam of Providence Supreme Trustee, and William M. Lee a member of the Executive Committee. During the year 1906, the order paid out \$789,000 in death claims, and since its organization it has paid on 8808 deaths, the sum of \$9,451,104.10.

Meeting and Whist.

The regular meeting of Malbone Lodge, No. 95, N. E. O. P., was held in Mercury hall Thursday evening. The meeting was called to order at 8 o'clock by the Warden, Dudley E. Campbell. The various reports were read and approved and two new members were initiated into the Order. At the close of the meeting whist was enjoyed for several hours, and when the last hand was called it was found that the highest scores had been made by Mrs. Herbert A. Knell and Mr. George W. Smith, and they were awarded the first prizes. The second prizes were won by Mrs. W. Frank Kenyon and Mr. John Radford and the third prizes by Miss Josie Peckham and Mr. Leon Armstrong.

Light refreshments were served. The State board of public roads has opened bids for the construction of new highways in several towns in the State. The Jane Construction Company of Meriden, Conn., were the lowest bidders for building 26,400 feet in the town of Portsmouth, at \$24,997.61, and also for building 31,650 feet in the towns of Tiverton and Little Compton, at \$24,855.89. For building 5,280 feet in the town of New Shoreham the only bidder was John C. Champlin of that town, at \$5,818. Bids were also received for roads in South Kingstown, Charlestown and Scituate.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bronker, of New York, announce the marriage of their niece, Miss Mae Fredricka Luth, formerly of this city, to Harry Leon Alsoworth, of New York, May 5, 1907. Mr. and Mrs. Alsoworth will reside at No. 605 Donnell street, Rome, New York.

The annual communication of the Grand Lodge of Masons in Rhode Island will be held in Providence next Monday. Newport has something over fifty members of this body.

The new ambulance for the use of the public, which was presented by Alderman Delancey Kane, has arrived in Newport and has been taken to Cooke's Stable where it will be kept for use.

The fishermen are bringing in good quantities of cup each day.

School Committee.

The regular monthly meeting of the school committee was held on Monday evening when a number of matters of unusual interest came up. The city solicitor rendered his opinion on the financial situation, stating that any bills approved by the committee must be paid and no one has a right to hold up the payment.

Superintendent Lull's report contained the following items:

The total enrollment for the month ending April 26 was 3,806, the average belonging 3,811.6, the average attending 3,183.9, the percent of attendance 92.2, cases of tardiness 371, and the cases of truancy 63. In the Townsend Industrial School the enrollment was 1,187.

The Board of Health has reported 12 cases of scarlet fever and 4 cases of diphtheria since the last meeting of this board, and 49 children are excluded from school on account of these cases of contagious disease.

Finances.

The expenditures for April were as follows: Committee on Finance \$1,585.36, committee on textbooks and supplies \$1,551.59, committee on buildings \$459.83, committee on teachers \$8,285.57, balance in the treasury \$65,205.50.

The continued backward, cold and disagreeable weather has made a great inroad on the fuel account. From January 1 to this date \$1,827 have been spent. Last year the amount was \$1,405, a difference of \$422. It looks as if this board would find good use for the \$300 deducted from the appropriation asked for fuel.

Physical Training.

Wednesday, April 24, Mr. William S. Pittman closed his labors for the season with the boys of the Rogers. The work has been full of zeal and energy and the boys have responded very satisfactorily to the efforts of the instructor. Another year with the increased equipment and with the experience and drill of the past season to build on, a still further advance may be expected. A public exhibition of work should then be made. The most pressing need is the installation of at least four shower baths. There is a recess to the basement which is well adapted for them.

Teachers' Retirement Fund.

Because of the efforts of the Carey teachers this fund has been increased by \$61, obtained by means of an entertainment in their charge. The average addition per month, due to the deduction from the pay rolls of the teachers, is \$67. At this moment the treasurer's books show a total of \$19,421.61. The interest for the year and the remaining payments by teachers will carry the total above \$20,000.

Parents' Days.

The schools in turn are now holding their public exhibitions of work, in the hope that busy parents will somehow find time to gratify their children by an attendance for a brief half-hour. Direct appeals are made by a printed circular from the superintendent, which is strengthened by the name of the individual teacher, begging the attendance of the parents and friends. The children, too, are urged to add their request. The response thus far has been gratifying. Unfortunately the oral work cannot be displayed, neither can the atmosphere of the room; but the probability is that good work is done under good conditions; that work requiring exactness, method, order and some artistic result, results from a careful, painstaking teacher in a fairly well governed room. On the other hand, the written work may be excellent in neatness, execution, design and attractiveness, but may not be so strong in thought or content as a less pleasing paper which draws the eye.

For this reason the teachers have been urged to mark with pencil or ink of some noticeable color a word or two of explanation—as, original, uncorrected, quick work, first attempt, or any other words or phrases that will attract attention and give the worker and thinker justice. A visit from these same parents and friends on regular school days, to witness the daily work, to see the relation of pupil and teacher in the room, and to inspect the individual "best work" envelopes, in which is stored the exercises in all the different subjects of every pupil, would be much better for the school. It would not, however, add the zeal of emulation, either among the rooms of the same building or among the schools of the city. For the reason that the parents do not visit, and because we all profit by a generous spirit of emulation, these public days were inaugurated several years ago and are now being continued. The presence of this board, especially of the sub-committee assigned to the particular school whose day it is, will add to the pleasure of pupils and teachers.

The Pension Law.

The most cheering event of the month for teachers has been the passage of the new pension law, to take effect January 1, 1908, according to section four, but by section one "at the expiration of a school year." Whatever interpretation is given to these two statements, it will necessitate at least four more months of teaching after the whole year 1907-1908, providing any of the seven teachers who are now eligible desire to participate in the pension. The conditions of the act will permit in 1908 the payment of three pensions of \$200, one of \$350, one of \$425, and two of \$500 (the maximum)—a total of \$2,025. The law does not require resignation and therefore no one of the seven may take immediate advantage of it.

Barnard Club.

Last Saturday your superintendent finished his year of service as president of this club. The membership limit has been raised to 150 and it is nearly full. During the year industrial education, trades schools, household economics, child labor and child delinquency have been treated by six able speakers.

Newport is represented by Messrs. Bryant, Campbell, Greenlaw, Leslie, Lull, and Thompson.

The report of Trust Officer Topham contained the following:

Number of cases investigated (reported by teachers), 323; number out for illness and other causes, 285; number of cases of truancy (public), 82; parochial, 6; 38; number of different children truant, 29; number found not attending school, 17; number sent to public schools, 8; number sent to parochial schools, 2; number of certificates issued, 7; number of certificates issued to children over fifteen years of age, under the new law, 4.

I recommend the prosecution of William Preece, 26 Marlboro street; Raymond Norbury, 2 Potter street, and George Roy, 18 West Extension street, for not attending school according to law.

The matter of approving school department bills was brought up by Christian Peckham of the finance committee who presented the correspondence between Superintendent Lull and City Solicitor Clark Burdick. Mr. Lull's letter to Mr. Burdick set forth that a bill approved by the school committee has not been approved by the board of aldermen and therefore was not paid by the city treasurer. He asked for an interpretation of the law on the subject. Mr. Burdick's reply contained the following:

"Section 9, chapter 51, of the General Laws provides that the city treasurer shall keep a separate account of all money appropriated by the State or town or otherwise for public schools and shall pay the same to the order of the school committee."

"The language is very clear and there can be but one interpretation; namely, that after the appropriation is made it is subject alone to the order of the School Committee, and the city treasurer is to pay it out according to their order. The Board of Aldermen have no control over the management of the schools or school property, or its appropriation, the School Committee being an independent body, elected by the people and responsible to them alone."

"I think this complies with your request, but I would add that for the regular conduct of the city's financial affairs a certain routine is necessary, and as all bills pass through a regular channel, including the Board of Aldermen, it seems only proper that the school bills should take the same course, and if in its travels some bill is discovered by the Board of Aldermen to be improper or incorrect, having perchance escaped the attention of the School Committee, the School Committee doubtless would be very glad to have their attention called to it by the board."

"As a matter of law, my opinion is that if the School Committee order the payment of a bill, out of its appropriation, that bill must be paid."

It was voted to submit the correspondence to the board of aldermen with a request that the bill in question be paid.

On recommendation of the committee on teachers the following changes were adopted: That during the absence of Mrs. Chase of Coggeshall VII, Miss Enies of Coggeshall V shall have charge of both rooms, and that Miss Mae M. Rounds shall be her assistant, at the rate of \$400 per year; these changes shall date from April 25, 1907. Also that Miss Harriet P. Callahan, who has been substituting for Miss Peabody in Leitch II, be paid at the rate of \$100 per year from February 18, 1907.

The committee on textbooks presented a list of changes in textbooks which will be considered at the next meeting.

The establishing of a school garden at the Thayer School created considerable discussion, as through an apparent misunderstanding the necessary authority for doing this work had not been obtained.

It was voted to give the Aqueduct Cottage Industries permission to use the Kindergarten room in the Childington building for a special sewing class during the summer, the petitioners to meet all the expenses.

The annual inspection of the Newport Artillery Company took place on Tuesday evening, the inspecting officers being Adjutant General Frederic M. Sackett of the National Guard of Rhode Island and Colonel Charles W. Abbot, U. S. A. The command was found to be in excellent condition and the drills were finely executed. On Thursday evening the company attended the fair of the Warren Artillery at Warrick, making the trip by special car for the Newport & Providence Railway.

The regular meeting of William Elery Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, was held with the regent, Mrs. David T. Flinniger, on Tuesday evening, with a large attendance. The reports of the delegates who attended the Congress at Washington were read and proved to be of an unusually interesting nature.

The competitive tests of the submarine by the official board of the navy have continued this week, one of the most interesting features being the trials for 24 hours submergence. Both the Octopus and the Lake stood this test well and were found to be comfortable under water.

The semi-annual convulse of the Grand Commandery of Knights Templars of Massachusetts and Rhode Island will be held in Providence on Saturday, May 26th.

Middletown.

On Sunday last the Methodist Episcopal Church commenced its jubilee services in commemoration of its fiftieth anniversary. The first service, held in the afternoon, at the church, was of a historical nature and was of unusual interest. The choir, in the form of a quartette, rendered special music for the occasion. The introductory address was given by the present pastor, Rev. Harold H. Critchlow, who was assisted by Rev. William J. Smith of Warehous Point, Conn., formerly an old resident here and a member of this church during the pastorate of Rev. C. A. Merrill in 1837.

The present church at the "Four Corners" is an outgrowth of the church which was established at the head of Paradise avenue for as it was then called "Swamp Road" in 1832—seventy-five years ago—under the Baptist denomination. At the close of Mr. Critchlow's remarks, Mrs. Lydia B. Chase was introduced and gave a brief and interesting outline of her personal acquaintance with a large number of the pastors up through the year 1874, as these gentlemen had been inmates of her father's home until the erection of the parsonage in 1872. Her paper was listened to with deep interest. Rev. Wm. J. Smith was then introduced and gave a number of interesting reminiscences of his early membership in this church, having been born and brought up in Middletown. The exercises were brought to a close by his pronouncing the benediction. There was a large congregation present. In the evening the 18th anniversary of the formation of the Epworth League was observed by an appropriate sermon by the pastor, Rev. H. H. Critchlow, and by the installing of the new officers for 1907-'08. The president, Miss Helen M. Ward, presented an encouraging report of the work done by the various departments during the past year, which showed creditable effort on the part of the various superintendents.

Funeral services for the late Harriet N. Ward, widow of Gilbert L. Ward, were observed Monday afternoon at the Methodist Episcopal Church where she had been a most faithful member for 50 years. The services were conducted by Rev. H. H. Critchlow and the church quartette sang. The bearers were Messrs. Ashton and Alden Barker, Charles H. Ward and James H. Barker. The interment was in the family lot in the cemetery adjoining the church. The church was largely filled, many relatives coming from Newport and out of town. There was a wealth of beautiful floral tributes, among them being remembrances from the family, the M. E. Church and the Epworth League.

Tuesday evening a very entertaining lecture was given at the M. E. Church by one of its earlier pastors, Rev. Alfred A. Wright, D. D., of Boston, who gave his services to assist in the jubilee celebration by presenting his noted lecture, "The Fine Art of Seeing Things." A large and interested audience was present and some \$25 were raised as Mr. Wright's pledge towards the new church building fund. Mr. Wright also gave blackboard illustrations to emphasize his remarks.

Mrs. Maria Barker, widow of the late Job Barker, passed to rest on Saturday evening last at her home on the East Main road, at the advanced age of 86 years. Mrs. Barker was the daughter of the late Jacob and Susan Sherman, and was born in Middletown, March 3, 1821, where she has since resided. She was the last one to go of a family of eight children and is survived by two sons, James T. Barker and W. Scott Barker of Middletown, and by Susan, wife of Mr. Frederick B. Coggeshall of Newport. Mrs. Barker had suffered from a heart trouble for many years but up to within three weeks had been able to be up and about her household duties. She became unconscious on the afternoon of the day of her death and passed away in that condition. Funeral services were held at her late home on Wednesday afternoon and were conducted by Rev. H. H. Critchlow, of the M. E. Church, where she had been a devoted member for the past 60 years. Mr. Critchlow paid a fine tribute to her high Christian character and her faithful home life. The flowers were extremely beautiful and were banked about the casket in great profusion. Among them was a pillow of ten roses and pink from the children, bearing the word "Mother," a wreath of lilac leaves and Easter lilies from the church, pink from the Epworth League, and many other wreaths and loose clusters of roses and pinks. The interment was in the family lot at the "Four Corners." The bearers were Messrs. Levi and George Bowley of Hyde Park and Walter Barker and Isaac Congdon of Middletown, her four grandsons. Many friends and relatives were present from Newport as well as a large number from Middletown.

The closing gathering of the Paradise Reading Club, for the season, was held on Wednesday evening at the town hall and was attended by the members and their families. A social evening was enjoyed followed by a salad supper.

Mr. George H. Proud and Mrs. Louisa Stevens Brown were married in New York on Tuesday, the ceremony being performed by Rev. Aquila Webb, Ph. D., pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of this city. The wedding took place at the Westminster Presbyterian Church. Among those present from Newport were Mr. John W. Gibson and Mr. John H. Mustard. Mr. and Mrs. Proud will return to Newport in about two weeks.

The board of health has decided that there is serious danger of contagion in the miscellaneous matter collected from many sources and disposed of at rummages. At a recent meeting of the board it was decided that in the future advance notice of such sales must be given to the board in order that proper precautions may be taken.

A Trip to Jamestown.

Many Adventures Befell the Newport Ladies who Ventured South—Thrilling Escapes by Land and Sea—A Search for a Jonah.

After the continuous round of meetings, receptions and patriotic services during the D. A. R. Congress in Washington, a daylight sail down the Potomac and across the Chesapeake to Dixie had promised to a certain little party of delegates a restful and altogether delightful way of taking the journey to the Exposition at Norfolk. But alas for human anticipations! True, the sail was charming, the company entertaining, and the interesting places along the shore (Alexandria, Mr. Vernon and others) well worth seeing. But the "Jamestown" was the first boat to go down by day, and this the initial trip, so, as many easily be seen, the difficulties were many, and it was dark when we reached our first stopping place, Old Point Comfort. There we just missed the proper landing place, and ran somewhat forcibly into the dock, ripping up a number of planks, thus beginning the chapter of incidents (almost accidents) that followed. We remained some time at the dock, we knew not why, but at last we were under way again, and steamed across to Norfolk. "At anchor in Hampton Roads" lay the war ships of several nations, and truly it was a beautiful sight. One of our fellow passengers, evidently an inland dweller, became so excited that we thoroughly enjoyed his exclamations, and were sorry when the ships were passed. One who lives on the coast can scarcely imagine the feelings of one who has never seen the ships of war.

And now came the question of landing. Our party had engaged rooms at the Pine Beach Hotel, adjoining the Exposition grounds, and with those who were booked for the Inside Inn, had been promised the Exposition Pier as a landing place. But our good Captain was a new assistant, and, mindful of his experience at Old Point, grew cautious, and firmly refused to land at an unfamiliar and perhaps unfinished pier. Persuasions and even threats, from a number of Westerners, availed nothing, and after nine o'clock we found ourselves miles away from our destination, with little knowledge of the place, and no hope of seeing our hotel before midnight. Bidding a fond farewell to our trunks, we started to find a trolley car, escorted by the usual crowd of small colored boys, ready to "carry your baggage, lady," and to show us all possible attention, for consideration.

Our car was supposed to pass the Pine Beach Hotel, but left us at 93rd street (at least they call it a street) and for about three quarters of a mile we plodded on, in utter darkness and on all kinds of roads. When we finally reached the hotel, too weary for words, we found, to our consternation, that the rooms which we supposed we had engaged in the house were in another hotel half a mile away. We protested, but in vain, and our friends in the Rhode Island Delegation, who, more fortunate than we, had been able to obtain the rooms promised to them, added their appeals to ours; but the managers remained unmoved, and with the only alternative of sitting up for the rest of the night, we started out into the darkness again, wondering where our restful trip had disappeared. A kind friend from home went with us, and two funny but faithful colored bellboys carried our heavy suit cases, but still the walk seemed endless, and our situation most uncomfortable.

It was nearly one when we reached the Arcade Hotel, in which the management of the Pine Beach had, with no intention to us, secured rooms to rent to their guests, and long after when we finally decided that we were obliged to remain in a house built so hastily that the danger of fire seemed great, and so recently that gas and electricity were lacking, and the exceedingly long corridor was in complete darkness except for an occasional candle or small lamp. I shall never forget the terror of that hall, as my roommate and I returned to our room, after investigating a balcony which we thought we could use in case of fire, where the strong draught blew out our lamp. Once in our room, we made the best of our predicament, and tried to get some sleep.

Our slumbers were short, however, for at about five-thirty we were aroused by the cry of fire, and jumping out of bed, we dressed with all possible speed, and collected the few things we had unpacked from our bags before retiring. With our arms full of clothing and all sorts of things, my room-mate fled, while I remained a moment longer, searching for a lost pocket-book, which I afterward found safely tucked in my suit case. As I lingered, I could hear the confusion in the hall, and could see the doors of all the rooms opening and the occupants pouring out, in all stages of dress. A porter came to tell me that I had "some time but not much," and from him I learned for the first time where the fire really was, that across the street (a very narrow one) two or three buildings were burning, and our own house was scorched and smoking with the heat, and in imminent danger. So I too fled, still on the hunt for that purse, and joined our party on the board walk, at a safe distance from the fire. There I had time to put on my neck tie, to my shoe laces properly, to discover my lost pocket-book, and watch the fire and the crowd.

My chief regret is that in the excitement I forgot that my camera was with me, and lost my opportunity to take snapshots of the interesting and unusual looking crowd, none more unusual looking than ourselves, and none more interesting than the Indian inhabitants of one of the burning houses, and the enterprising bar keeper, who saved his kegs from the flames, and with a few planks to stand on, still in the ring, proceeded to sell his beer to thirsty bystanders. When there was no more danger to the Arcade (the fire department having at last arrived and poured water on adjoining buildings), we re-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 4.

THE CONQUEST of CANAAN

By BOOTH TARKINGTON,
Author of "Cherry," "Monsieur Beaucaire," Etc.

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CHAPTER IX.

IF any echo of doubt concerning his undisturbed consciousness sounded faintly in Joe's mind, it was silenced off-ends. Canaan had not forgotten him. Far from it, so far that it began pointing him out to strangers on the street the very day of his return. His course of action, likewise that of his friends, permitted him little obscurity, and when the rumors of his finally obtaining lodging at Beaver Beach and of the celebration of his installation there were presently confirmed he stood in the lime light indeed, as a Mephistopheles upspringing through the trap door.

The welcoming festivities had not been so discreetly conducted as to accord with the general policy of Beaver Beach. An unfortunate accident caused the arrest of one of the celebrators and the ambulancing to the hospital of another on the homeward way, the ensuing proceedings in court bringing to the whole affair a publicity devoutly unsought for. Mr. Happy Fear (such was the habitual name of the imprisoned gentleman) had to bear a great amount of harsh criticism for injuring a companion within the city limits after daylight and for failing to observe that three policemen were not too distant from the scene of operations to avenge therein.

"Happy, if he had it in mind to harm him," said the red-headed man to Mr. Fear upon the latter's return to society, "why didn't ye do it out here at the beach?"

"Because," returned the indiscreet, "he didn't say what he was going to say till we got in town."

Extraordinary probing on the part of the prosecutor had developed at the trial that the obnoxious speech had referred to the guest of the evening. The assaulted party, one "Nashville," Cory, was not of Canaan, but a bit of driftwood lately touching shore for the moment at Beaver Beach, and strange as this world—he had been introduced to the coteries of Mike's Place by Happy Fear himself, who had enjoyed a brief acquaintance with him on a day when both had chanced to travel incognito by the same freight. Naturally Happy had felt responsible for the proper behavior of his protégé—was, in fact, bound to enforce it; additionally, Happy had once been saved from a term of imprisonment (at a time when it would have been more than ordinarily inconvenient) by help and advice from Joe, and he was not one to forget. Therefore he was grieved to observe that his own guest seemed to be somewhat jealous of the hero of the occasion and disposed to look coldly upon him. The stranger, however, contented himself with innuendo (more expressions of the face and other manner of things for which one could not squarely lay hands upon him) until such time as he and his sponsor had come to Main street in the clear dawn on their way to Happy's apartment, a variable abode. It may be that the stranger perceived what Happy did not—the three blue-coats in the perspective. At all events, he now put into words of simple strength the unfavorable conception he had formed of Joe. The result was mediocrity immediate, and the period of Mr. Cory's convalescence in the hospital was almost half that of his sponsor's detention in the county jail.

When Happy Fear had suffered, with a give and take simplicity of patience, his allotment of months in durance and was released and sent into the streets and sunshine once more, he knew that his first duty lay in the direction of a general apology to Joe. But the young man was no longer at Beaver Beach; the red-headed proprietor dwelt alone there and, receiving Happy with scorn and pity, directed him to retrace his footsteps to the town.

"Ye must have been in the black hole of incarceration indeed if ye haven't heard that Mr. Loudon has his law office on the square and his living room behind the office. It's in that little 'brick building' straight across from the sheriff's door of the jail. Ye've been neighbors this long time. A hard time the boy had persuadin' any one to rent to him, but by payin' double the price he got a place at last. He's a practical lawyer now, and all the boys and girls of our acquaintance go to him with their troubles. Ye'll see him with a murder case to try before long as sure as ye're not worth yer salt! But I expect ye can still call him by his name of Joe, all the same!"

It was a bleak and meager little office into which Mr. Fear ushered himself to offer his amenities. The cracked plaster of the walls was bare, save for dust. There were no shelves. The few brown volumes, most of them fairly new, were piled in regular columns upon a cheap pine table. There was but one window, small paned and shadeless. An inner door of this sad chamber stood, half ajar, permitting the visitor unreserved acquaintance with the dome-the economy of the tenant, for it disclosed a second room, smaller than the office and dependent upon the window of the latter for air and light. Behind a canvas camp cot, dimly visible in the obscurity of the inner apartment, stood a small gas stove surmounted by a stepman, from which projected the handle of a big tin spoon, so that it needed no ghost from the dead to whisper that Joseph Loudon, attorney at law, did his own cooking. Indeed, he looked ill!

Upon the threshold of the second room reposed a small, warm, light brown curly brush of a dog, so cosmopolitan in ancestry that his species was almost as undeterminable as the cast iron dogs of the Pike mansion. He greeted Mr. Fear hospitably, baying

vals. At 10 in the evening he went out to have the jug refilled, but from the moment he left his door and the fresh air struck his face he had no clear knowledge of what he did or of what went on about him until he woke in his bed the next morning.

And yet, whatever little part of the soul of him remained that night still undulled, not numbed, but alive, was in some strange manner lifted out of its pain toward a strange delight. His body was an automaton, his mind in bondage, yet there was a still small consciousness in him which knew that in his wandering something incredible and unexpected was happening. What this was he did not know, could not



"I don't want a job, nobow!" said Mr. Fear.

see, though his eyes were open, could not have told himself any more than a baby could tell why it laughs, but it seemed something so beautiful and wonderful that the night became a night of perfume, its breezes bearing the music of harps and violins, while nightingales sang from the maples that bordered the streets of Canaan.

CHAPTER X.

HE woke to the light of morning amazed and full of a strange wonder because he did not know what had amazed him. A chime of bells sounded from a church steeple across the square, ringing out in assured righteousness, summoning the good people who maintained them to come and sit beneath them or be taken to task, and they fell so dismally upon Joe's ear that he bestirred himself and rose, to the delight of his mongrel, who leaped upon him joyfully. An hour later or thereabout the pair emerged from the narrow stairway and stood for a moment, blinking in the fair sunshine, apparently undecided which way to go. The church bells were silent. There was no breeze. The air trembled a little with the deep pings of the organ across the square, and, save for that, the town was very quiet. The paths which crossed the courthouse yard were flecked with steady shadow, the strong young foliage of the maples not moving, having the air of observing the Sabbath with propriety. The organ ceased to stir the air, and all was in quiet, yet a quiet which for Loudon was not peace. He looked at his watch and, without intending it, spoke the hour aloud. "A quarter past 11." The sound of his own voice gave him a little shock. He rose without knowing why, and as he did so it seemed to him that he heard close to his ear another voice, a woman's, troubled and insistent, but clear and sweet, saying:

"Remember! Across Main street bridge at noon!"

It was so distinct that he started and looked round. Then he laughed. "I'll be seeing circus parades next." His laughter fled, for, louder than the ringing in his ears, unmistakably came the strains of a faraway brass band which had no existence on land or sea or in the waters under the earth.

"Here!" he said to the mongrel. "We need a walk, I think. Let's you and me move on before the canals turn the corner."

The music followed him to the street, where he turned westward toward the river, and presently as he walked on, fanning himself with his straw hat, it faded and was gone. But the voice he had heard returned.

"Remember! Across Main street bridge at noon!" It said again close to his ear.

This time he did not start. "All right," he answered, wiping his forehead. "If you'll let me alone, I'll be there."

At a shabby saloon corner near the river a shabby little man greeted him heartily and petted the mongrel. "I'm mighty glad you didn't go, after all, Joe," he added, with a brightening face.

"Go where, Happy?"

Mr. Fear looked grave. "Don't you recollect meekin' me last night?"

Loudon shook his head. "No. Did I?"

The other's jaw fell, and his brow corrugated with self-reproach. "Well, if that don't show what a thick head I am! I thought ye was all right or I'd gone on with ye. Nobody'd 'a' walked straighter nor talked straighter. Said ye was going to leave Canaan for good and didn't want nobody to know it. Said ye was going to take the eleven o'clock through train for the west and told me I couldn't come to the depot with ye. Said ye'd had enough of Canaan and of everything. I followed ye part way to the depot, but ye turned and made a motion for me to go back, and I done it because ye seemed to be kind of in trouble, and I thought ye'd rather be by yerself. Well, sir, it's one on me."

"Not at all," said Joe. "I was all right."

"Was ye?" returned the other. "Do remember, do ye?"

"Almost," Joe smiled faintly.

"Almost," echoed Happy, shaking his head seriously. "I tell ye, Joe, ef I was

and shook his head again. He seemed on the point of delivering some advice, but evidently perceiving the snobbishness of such a proceeding, or else convinced by his own experience of the futility of it, he swerved to cheerfulness.

"I hear the boys is all going to work hard for the primaries. Mike says ye got some chances ye don't know about. He swears ye'll be the next mayor of Canaan."

"Nonsense! Folly and nonsense, Happy! That's the kind of thing I used to think when I was a boy. But now—pshaw!" Joe broke off with a tired laugh. "Tell them not to waste their time! Are you going out to the beach this afternoon?"

The little man lowered his eyes moodily. "I'll be near there," he said, scraping his patched shoe up and down the curbstone. "That feller's in town agin."

"What fellow?"

"Nashville" they call him. Ed's the name he give the hospital. Cory—him that I soaked the night you come back to Canaan. He's after Claudine to git his even with me. He's made a rake somewhere and plays the spender. And her—well, I reckon she's tired waitin' table at the National House, tired of me, too. I got a hint that there's gosh out to the beach together this afternoon."

Joe passed his hand wearily over his aching forehead. "I understand," he said, "and you'd better try to. Cory's laying for you, of course. You say he's after your wife? He must have set about it pretty openly if they're going to the beach today, for there is always a crowd there on Sundays. Is it hard for you to see why he's doing it? It's because he wants to make you jealous. What for? So that you'll tackle him agin. And why does he want that? Because he's ready for you?"

The other's eyes suddenly became bloodshot, his nostrils expanding incredibly. "Ready, is he? He better be ready, I—"

"That's enough!" Joe interrupted swiftly. "We'll have no talk like that. I'll settle this for you myself. You send word to Claudine that I want to see her at my office tomorrow morning, and you—ye stay away from the beach today. Give me your word."

Mr. Fear's expression softened. "All right, Joe," he said. "I'll do whatever you tell me to. Any of us 'I do that' we sure know who's our friend."

"Keep out of trouble, Happy," Joe turned to go and they shook hands. "Good day, and—keep out of trouble!"

When he had gone Mr. Fear's countenance again gloomed ominously, and, shaking his head, he ruminatively entered an adjacent bar through the alley door.

The Main street bridge was an old fashioned wooden covered one, dist colored and very narrow, squarely framing the fair open country beyond for the town had never crossed the river. Joe found the cool shadow in the bridge gracious to his hot brow, and through the slender slats of the worn flooring he caught bright glimpses of running water. When he came out of the other end he felt enough refreshed to light a cigar.

"Well, here I am," he said, "across Main street bridge, and it must be getting on toward noon!" He spoke almost with the aspect of daring and immediately stood still listening. "Remember," he ventured to repeat, again daring—"remember! Across Main street bridge at noon!" And again he listened. Then he chuckled faintly with relief, for the voice did not return. "Thank God, I've got rid of that!" he whispered. "And of the circus band too!"

A dusty road turned to the right, following the river and shaded by big sycamores on the bank. The mongrel, intensely preoccupied with this road, scampered away, his nose to the ground. "Good enough," said the master. "Lead on and I'll come after you."

But he had not far to follow. The chase led him to a half hollow log which lay on a low grass grown levee above the stream where the dog's interest in the pursuit became vivid; temporarily, however, for after a few minutes of agitated investigation he was seized with indifference to the whole world, panted briefly, slept, Joe sat upon the log, which was in the shade, and smoked.

For the first time it struck Joe that it was a beautiful day, and it came to him that a beautiful day was a thing which nothing except death, sickness or imprisonment could take from him, not even the ban of Canaan. Unforewarned music sounded in his ears again, but he did not shrink from it now. This was not the circus band he had heard as he left the square, but a melody like a faraway serenade at night, as of "the horns of elf land faintly blowing," and he closed his eyes with the sweetness of it.

"Go ahead," he whispered. "Do that all you want to. If you'll keep it up like this awhile, I'll follow with 'Little Brown Jug. How I Love Thee!' It seems to pay after all!"

The welcome strains, however, were but the prelude to a harsher sound which interrupted and annihilated them—the courthouse bell clanging out 12. "All right," said Joe. "It's noon, and I'll 'across Main street bridge'."

He opened his eyes and looked about him whimsically. Then he shook his head again.

A lady had just emerged from the bridge and was coming toward him. It would be hard to get at Joe's first impressions of her. We can find conveyance for only the broadest and heaviest. Ancient and modern instances multiply the ease of the sleeper who dreams out a long story in accurate color and fine detail, a tale of years, in the opening and shutting of a door. So with Joseph in the brief space of the lady's approach. And with him, as with the sleeper, it must have been in fact it was—in his recollections later a blur of emotion.

He had little knowledge of the millinery arts, and he needed none to see the harmony—harmony like that of the day he had discovered a little while ago. Her dress and hat and gloves and parasol showed a pale lavender overtint like that which he had seen over-spreading the western slope. (Afterward he discovered that the gloves she

wore that day were gray and that her hat was for the most part white.) The charm of fabric and that belonging to what she wore was no shame to her, not being of primal importance beyond herself. It was, but the expression of her daintiness and the adjunct of it. She was tall, but if Joe could have spoken or thought of her as "slender" he would have been capable of calling her lips "red," in which case he would not have been Joe and would have been as far from the truth as her lips were from red or as her supreme delicateness was from mere slenderness.

She was to pass him—so he thought—and as she drew nearer his breath came faster.

"Remember!" Across Main street bridge at noon!

Was this the day of whom the voice had warned him? With that, there befell him the mystery of last night. He did not remember, but it was as if he lived again dimly the highest hour of happiness in a life a thousand years ago; perfume and music, roses, nightingales and plucked harpsstrings. Yes, something wonderful was happening to him.

She had stopped directly in front of him—stopped and stood looking at him with her clear eyes. He did not lift his own to hers. He had long experience of the averted gaze of women, but it was not only that. A great shyness beset him. He had risen and removed his hat, trying (ineffectually) not to clear his throat, his every day sense urging upon him that she was a stranger in Canaan who had lost her way—the preposterousness of any one's losing the way in Canaan not just now appealing to his every day sense.

"Can I—can I?" he stammered, blushing miserably, meaning to finish with "direct you," or "show you the way."

Then he looked at her again and saw what seemed to him the strangest sight of his life. The lady's eyes had filled with tears—filled and overfilled.

"I'll sit here on the log with you," she said. "I'll hear her voice was the voice which he had heard saying: 'Remember! Across Main street bridge at noon!'"

"What?" he gasped.

"You don't need to dust it," she went on tranquilly. And even then he did not know who she was.

CHAPTER XI.

THERE was a silence, for if the dazed young man could have spoken at all he could have found nothing to say; and, perhaps, the lady would not trust her own voice just then. His eyes had fallen again. He was too dazed! and, in truth, too pale to strain now to look at her, though if he had been quite sure that she was part of a wonderful dream he might have dared. She was seated beside him, and had handed him her parasol in a little way, which seemed to imply that of course he had reached for it, so that it was to be seen how used she was to have all tiny things done for her, though this was not then of his treacherous observing. He did perceive, however, that he was to feel the dainty thing. He pressed the catch and let down the top lid, as if fearing to break or tear it, and as it closed, held near his face, he caught a very faint, sweet, spicy emanation from it like wild roses and cinnamon.

He did not know her, but his timidity and a strange little choke in his throat, the sudden fright which had seized him, were not caused by embarrassment. He had no thought that she was one he had known, but could not for the moment recall. There was nothing of the awkwardness of that No; he was overpowered by the miracle of this meeting. And yet, white with marveling, he felt it to be so much more touchingly a greater happiness than he had ever known that at first it was inexpressible sad.

At last he heard her voice again, shaking a little, as she said:

"I am glad you remembered." "Remembered what?" he faltered. "Then you don't?" she cried. "And yet you came."

"Come here, do you mean?"

"Yes—now, at noon."

"Ah!" he half whispered, unable to speak aloud. "Was it you who said—who said: 'Remember! Across—across'?"

"Across Main street bridge at noon!" she finished for him gently. "Yes."

He took a deep breath in the wonder of it. "Where was it you said that?" he asked slowly. "Was it last night?"

"Don't you even know that you came to meet me?"

"I came to—to meet—you?"

She gave a little plying cry, very near a sob, seeing his utter bewilderment.

"It was like the strangest dream in the world," she said. "You were at the station when I came last night. You don't remember at all?"

His eyes downcast, his face burning hotly, he could only shake his head. "Yes," she continued. "I thought no one would be there, for I had not written to say what train I should take, but when I stepped down from the platform you were standing there, though you didn't see me at first—until I had called your name and ran to you. You said, 'I've come to meet you,' but you said it queerly, I thought. And then you called a carriage for me. But you seemed so strange. You couldn't tell how you knew that I was coming, and—then I—I understood you weren't yourself. You were very quiet, but I knew—I knew! So I made you get into the carriage—and—"

She faltered to a stop, and with that shame itself brought him courage. He turned and faced her. She had lifted her handkerchief to her eyes, but at his movement she dropped it, and it was not so much the delicate loveliness of her face that he saw then as the tears upon her cheeks.

"Ah, poor boy!" she cried. "I knew I knew!"

"You—you took me home?"

"You told me where you lived," she answered. "Yes, I took you home."

"I don't understand," he stammered huskily. "I don't understand."

She leaned toward him slightly, looking at him with great intensity.

"You didn't know me last night," she said. "Do you know me now?"

For answer he could only stare at

CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE.)

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Danger in Blotters.

A fresh danger has been probed by the lancet (if lancets may be said to probe). It is the blotting pad. As an absorbent of moisture "any septic matter would be rapidly dried on it."

We breathe upon our blotting pads, those of us who toll with the pen. So we scatter such diseases as are ours. "A fresh spotless sheet every day" is the Lancet's prescription. One foresees a boom in blotting paper among all our decaying industries one at least will be stationary.

Viscount Turnout, the earl of Winter ton's son, was being interviewed in New York about clothes. On this subject, however, the young man refused to talk.

"You," he said, "are the sixth reporter to talk clothes to me today. I think you reporters are too persistent. You give me no rest. You remind me of a friend of mine at Oxford."

"My Oxford friend used to like to drink a mug of ale at the Miter. He visited the Miter a good deal and he was always very particular about having his own mug."

"At the Miter one evening he said to the barmaid:

"A mug of ales, Nellie, and be careful to draw it in my own pewter. Make no mistake."

"No fear of making a mistake about your pewter, sir," the barmaid answered. "I can tell it with ease."

"How so?" my friend asked.

"By the handle," said the barmaid. "It's always warm."

Mrs. Jinks, John's old college friend tried to make me believe he was a bachelor. When he held the baby he almost dropped it.

Mrs. Brown. Then how in the world did you find out that he was not a bachelor?

Mrs. Jinks. Because when the baby started to cry he mechanically started to walk the floor. Chicago News.

Lying too near the edge of the bed and dreaming that he was Secretary Loeb, Jonathan Herring of Kilauea, Pa., gave a start, rolled over and fell out of bed and fractured his arm and dislocated the wrist.

He says he is glad that he did not dream he was Harlan, or he would have broken his neck.

"Mrs. Sandy," said the grumbling boarder, "I am going to write the city authorities."

Mrs. Sandy—Indeed, sir? What about?

"About the quality of the water. It's disgraceful. Why, I detected a distinct flavor of coffee in it this morning."

—Chicago Journal.

Husband (arriving with his wife at the station just as the train steams out):

Thore! If you hadn't taken such a fearful time dressing we shouldn't have lost that train.

Wife. And if you hadn't hurried me so all the way here we shouldn't have had such a long time to wait for the next one. Meggendorfer Blätter.

Judge—Young man, you're making a good deal of unnecessary noise, I think.

Young Attorney—Your honor, I've lost my overcoat, and am trying to find it.

Judge—Whole suits have been lost here, sir, with much less noise. —Lippincott's Magazine.

The Provisions of His Will.

The widow of a little village grocer was industriously placing the large, rosy cheeked apples on the top of the dilapidated shivered ones in the barrel when, with his well known martial tread, Farmer Giles entered the establishment.

"I want that tub o' butter," he said, "an' those hams, an' that lot o' sugar, an'—"

The shopkeeper rubbed her hands together with delight.

"Yes, sir," she beamed, "delighted to serve you, I'm sure. And what else may I supply you with?"

"Well," went on Mr. Giles, "there's all them bottles o' tomato sauce, an' them boxes o' biscuits, an'—an' all that other stuff," he concluded vaguely, sweeping his hand round the shop.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the widow, now rather alarmed. "Whatever do you want with all them goods?"

"I dunno, I'm sure," was the farmer's puzzled reply, "but I'm the executor of your late husband's will, an' the lawyer's just told me it's my duty to carry out the provisions, so come on. I've got three hay carts waitin' outside!"

Told by the Cards.

A young woman told a tale of cruel desertion to the officers of an east side charitable institution in New York, and when her case had been disposed of she started to leave the room, wailing.

"If I had only believed the cards!"

She was asked to explain and said: "We were engaged in Bohemia and our parents were pained with the match. It was all agreed what I should receive, and we were happy. Then my father, to find out more about the young man, invited him to play cards with him three times, and when the third card evening was over he said 'No.' Only in cards a man shows his true nature," he said, "and this man showed me enough to show me that he will not be a good husband." And then when the match was broken I came to this country to my brother. Then Max came, too, and we were married. But the cards were right, and my father knew." And dwelling on that point and sobbing hysterically she left the office. —New York Tribune.

Lack of Sea Room on the Lakes.

The wind often reaches a very high velocity on the lakes, blowing at times sixty, seventy and on rare occasions eighty miles an hour, when the great fleet of lake craft is sure to be depleted by disaster and watery graves added to the great marine cemetery. On such occasions the sea raised would hardly inconvenience an ocean going tug, but by reason of the short distance from shore to shore—lack of sea room," the mariners term it—vessels are unable to hold a course in the open waters and are driven by the wind upon the treacherous beaches, there to be pounded into splinters. Danger lurks everywhere in the shallower lakes—particularly Erie—where vessels of any considerable draft are apt to pound bottom if caught in a storm and go to pieces like a shattered wingless. —New York Post.

Knew More Than the Judge.

Justice Maule, one of the greatest judicial wits of England, had doubts as to the credibility of a witness on one occasion, and the man declared that he had been "wedded to truth" from infancy. "That may be," said the justice, "but the question is how long have you been divorced?" A little girl was a witness before him, and he proceeded to ascertain whether she knew the nature of an oath. The child in answer to questions said she would go to heaven if she told the truth, but would go to the other place if she told lies. "Are you sure of that, my dear?" Justice Maule asked. "Yes, sir, quite sure." "Let her be sworn," said the court; "she knows more than I do."

Changed His Mind.

A man went to a boxing instructor and asked him how much he would charge him for twenty-five lessons. The instructor told him his terms, and the lessons commenced. After two lessons the pupil, who was somewhat the worse for wear, remarked to the professor: "You see, I wanted to take enough lessons so that I could learn enough about the manly art to lick a man. I've changed my mind now. I guess I will send the fellow down to take the rest of the lessons."

How a Fox Escaped.

In the West Somerset country a fox was hunted right down to the seashore, and to the surprise of every one he swam boldly out to sea. The hounds were taken away, and after some minutes the fox swam back, landed, shook himself and trotted quietly away. The master decided that his life was to be spared, and he was hunted no more that day. —Country Life.

Competition Too Keen For Him.

A farmer during a long continued drought invented a machine for watering his fields. The very first day while he was trying it there suddenly came a downpour of rain. He put away his machine.

"It's no use," he said, "ye can do nothing nowadays without competition." —Scottish Nights.

Would Open Them.

"You told me your husband had large, fine eyes. I didn't notice it."

"Wait a minute or two till the milliner comes along with my new hat and the bill."

Unfortunately.

She—So you told Lady Buncomb she looked as young as her daughter. That caught the old lady, I know. He—Yes, but it lost me the daughter.

From Germany we get the custom of celebrating gold and silver weddings.

On the one excursion north of Mason and Dixon's line which John Randolph of Roanoke permitted himself in the course of his life he ordered the waiter at a tavern to "change his cup." The man inquired whether he desired tea or coffee. "If this," he said, indicating with his scornful forefinger the beverage already served to him—"if this be tea, bring me coffee. If this be coffee, bring me tea. I want a change."

THE CONQUEST OF CANAAN.

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

her, disunfaded. He arched an unsteady hand toward her appealingly, but the manner of the lady as she saw the truth underwent an April change.



"You told me where you lived," she answered.

She drew back lightly. He was favored with the most delicious low laugh he had ever heard, and by some miracle which she accomplished there was no sign of tears about her.

"Ah, I'm glad you're the same, Joe!" she said. "You never would or could pretend very well. I'm glad you're the same, and I'm glad I've changed, though that isn't why you have forgotten me. You've forgotten me because you never thought of me. Perhaps I should not have known you if you had changed a great deal as I have."

He started, leaning back from her.

"Ah," she laughed, "that's it! That funny little twist of the head you always had, like a—like a—well, you know I must have told you a thousand times that it was like a nice friendly puppy. So why shouldn't I say so now? And your eyebrows! When you look like that nobody could ever forget you, Joe."

He rose from the log, and the mongrel leaped upon him uproariously, thinking they were to go home, belike to food.

The lady laughed again. "Don't let him spoil my parol. And I must warn you now: Never, never tread on my skirt! I'm very irritable about such things."

He had taken three or four uncertain backward steps from her. She sat before him, radiant with laughter, the loveliest creature he had ever seen, but between him and this charming vision there swept, through the warm, scented June air, a veil of snow like a driven fog, and half obscured in the heart of it a young girl stood knee deep in a drift piled against an old picket gate, her black waterproof and shabby skirt flapping in the blizzard like torn sails, one of her hands outstretched toward him, her startled eyes fixed on his.

"And, oh, how like you," said the lady; "how like you and nobody else in the world, Joe, to have a yellow dog!"

"Ariel Tabor!"

His lips formed the words without sound.

"Isn't it about time?" she said. "Are strange ladies in the habit of descending from trains to take you home?"

Once, upon a winter morning long ago, the seasonal progress of a certain youth up Main street had stirred Canaan. But that day was as nothing to this. Mr. Bantley had left temporary paralysis in his wake, but in the case of the two young people who passed slowly along the street today it was petrification, which seemingly threatened in several instances (most notably that of Mr. Arpi) to become permanent.

The lower portion of the street, lined with three and four story buildings of brick and stone, rather grim and hot facades under the midday sun, afforded little shade to the church corners, who were working homeward in professional little groups and clumps, none walking fast, though none with the appearance of great leisure, since neither rate of progress would have been esteemed befitting the day. The growth of Canaan, steady, though never startling, had left almost all of the churches downtown, and Main street the principal avenue of communication between them and the residence section. So today the intermittent procession stretched along the new cement sidewalks from a little below the square to upper Main street, where maples lined the thoroughfare and the mansions of the affluent stood among pleasant lawns and shrubberies.

It was late, for this had been a communion Sunday, and those far in advance, who had already reached the pretty and shady part of the street, were members of the churches where services had been shortest, though few in the long parade looked as if they had been attending anything very short, and many heads of families were crisp in their replies to the theological inquiries of their offspring. The men imparted largely a gloom to the hilarant concourse, most of them wearing hot, long black coats and having wilted their collars, the ladies relieving this gloom somewhat by the lighter tints of their garments, the spick and span little girls relieving it greatly by their white dresses and their faces, the latter bright with the hope of Sunday ice cream, while the boys, experiencing some solace in that they were finally out where a person could at least scratch himself if he had to, yet oppressed by the decorous necessities of the day, marched along, furtively planning behind impudently secretive countenances various means for the later dispersal of an odious monotony.

Usually the conversation of this long string of the homeward bound was not too frivolous or worldly. Nay; it properly inclined to discussion of the

It was a serious and seemingly Sunday parade, the propriety of whose behavior was today almost disintegrated when the lady of the bridge walked up the street in the shadow of a heavy lavender parasol carried by Joseph Louden. The congregation of the church across the square—that to which Joe's stepdaughter had been late—was just debouching, almost in mass, upon Main street when these two went by. It is not quite the truth to say that all except the children came to a dead halt, but it is not very far from it. The air was thick with subdued exclamations and whisplings.

Here is no mystery. Joe was probably the only person of respectable derivation in Canaan who had not known for weeks that Ariel Tabor was on her way home. And the news that she had arrived the night before had been widely disseminated on the way to church, entering church, in church (even so) and coming out of church. An account of her house in the Avenue Henri Martin and of her portrait in the Salon—a mysterious business to many and not lacking in grandeur for that—had occupied two columns in the Tachin on a day some months before when Joe had found himself inhumanly headlined on the first page and had dropped the paper without reading further. Ariel's name had been in the mouth of Canaan for a long time—unfortunately for Joe, however, not in the mouth of that Canaan which held converse with him.

Joe had not known her. The women recognized her infallibly at first glance, even those who had quite forgotten her. And the women told their men; hence the un-Sunday-like demeanor of the procession, for few towns hold it more unseemly to stand and stare at passersby, especially on the Sabbath. But Ariel Tabor returned—and walking with—Joe Louden!

Ariel flushed a little when she perceived the extent of their conspicuousness, but it was not the blush that Joe remembered had reddened the tanned skin of old, for her brownness had gone long ago, though it had not left her merely pink and white. This was a delicate rosiest rising from her cheeks to her temples, as the earliest dawn rises. If there had been many words left in Joe he would have called it a divine blush. It fascinated him, and if anything could have deepened the glamour about her it would have been this blush. He did not understand it, but when he saw it he stumbled.

Those who gaped and stared were for him only blurs in the background. Truly, he saw "men as trees walking," and when it became necessary to step out to the curb in passing some clump of people it was to him as if Ariel and he, enchantedly alone, were working their way through underbrush in the woods.

He kept trying to realize that this lady of wonder was Ariel Tabor, but he could not. He could not connect the shabby Ariel, whom he had treated as one boy treats another, with this young woman of the world. He had always been embarrassed himself and ashamed of her when anything she did made him remember that, after all, she was a girl, as on the day he ran away when she kissed a look of his hair escaping from the bandage. With that recollection even his ears grew red. It did not seem probable that it would ever happen again. The next instant he heard himself calling her "Miss Tabor."

At this she seemed amused. "You ought to have called me that years ago," she said, "for all you knew me."

"I did know her—yes, I mean," he answered. "I used to know nearly everything you were going to say before you said it. It seems strange now."

"Yes," she interrupted, "it does seem strange now."

"Somehow," he went on, "I doubt if now I'd know."

"Somehow," she echoed, with fine gravity, "I doubt it too."

Although he had so dim a perception of the staring and whispering which greeted and followed them, Ariel, of course, was thoroughly aware of it. Though the only sign she gave was the slight blush, which very soon disappeared. That people turned to look at her may have been not altogether a novelty. A girl who had learned to appear unconscious of the continental stare, the following gaze of the boulevard, the frank glances of the costumed in Rome, was not ill equipped to face Main street, Canaan, even as it was today.

Under the circumstances before they started they had not talked a great deal. There had been long silences, almost all her questions concerning the period of his runaway absence. She appeared to know and to understand everything which had happened since his return to the town. He had not, in his turn, reached the point where he would begin to question her. He was too breathless in his consciousness of the marvelous present hour. She had told him of the death of Roger Tabor, the year before. "Poor man!" she said gently. "He lived to see how the other fellows did it! At last, and everybody liked him. He was very happy over there."

After a little while she had said that it was growing close upon lunch time; she must be going back.

"Then—then—goodby," he replied ruefully.

"Why?"

"I'm afraid you don't understand. It wouldn't do for you to be seen with me. Perhaps, though, you do understand. Wasn't that why you asked me to meet you out here beyond the bridge?"

In answer she looked at him full and straight for three seconds, then threw back her head and closed her eyes tight with laughter. Without a word she took the parasol from him, opened it herself, placed the smooth white coral handle of it in his hand and lightly demurred on the part of the young man. He did not know where she was going. He did not ask.

Once Ariel smiled politely, not at Mr. Louden, and inclined her head twice, with the result that the latter, after thinking for a time of how gracefully

she did it and how pretty the color of her hat was, became gradually conscious of a meaning in her action—that she had bowed to some one across the street. He lifted his hat, about four minutes later, and discovered Mamie Pike and Eugene upon the opposite pavement walking home from church together. Joe changed color.

The sound of Ariel's voice brought him to himself.

"She is lovelier than ever, isn't she?"

"Yes, indeed," he answered blankly.

"Would you still risk?" she began, smiling, but, apparently thinking better of it, changed her question: "What is the name of your dog, Mr. Louden?"

"Oh, he's just a yellow dog," he evaded unskillfully.

"Young man?" she said sharply.

"Well," he admitted reluctantly, "I call him Speck for short."

"And what for long? I want to know his real name."

"It's mighty inappropriate, because we're fond of each other," said Joe, "but when I picked him up he was so yellow and so thin and so creeping and so scared that I christened him 'Respectability.'"

They were now opposite the Pike mansion, and, to his surprise, she turned, indicating the way by a touch upon his sleeve, and crossed the street toward the gate, which Mamie and Eugene had entered. Mamie, after exchanging a word with Eugene upon the steps, was already hurrying into the house.

Ariel paused at the gate as if waiting for Joe to open it.

"Don't you know?" she cried. "I'm staying here. Judge Pike has charge of all my property. He was the administrator or something." Then, seeing him chortle and agitated, she went on: "Of course you don't know. You don't know anything about me. You haven't even asked."

"You're going to live here?" he gasped.

"Will you come to see me?" she laughed. "Will you come this afternoon?"

He grew white. "You know I can't," he said.

"You came here once. You risked a good deal then just to see Mamie dance by a window. Don't you dare a little for an old friend?"

"All right," he gulped. "I'll try."

Mr. Bantley had come down to the gate and was holding it open, his eyes fixed upon Ariel, with a rising glow. An impression came to Joe afterward that his stepbrother had looked very handsome.

"Possibly you remember me, Miss Tabor?" said Eugene in a deep and impressive voice, lifting his hat. "We were neighbors, I believe, in the old days."

She gave him her hand in a fashion somewhat mannerly, favoring him with a bright, negligent smile. "Oh, quite," she answered, turning again to Joe as she entered the gate. "Then I shall expect you."

"I'll try," said Joe. "I'll try."

He stumbled away. Respectability and he together interferred alarmingly with the comfort of Mr. Piffroff, who had stopped in the middle of the pavement to stare glassily at Ariel. Eugene accompanied the latter into the house, and Joe, looking back, understood. Mamie had sent his stepbrother to bring Ariel in—and to keep him from following.

"This afternoon!" The thought took away his breath, and he became paler.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Pin Machinery.

Pins previous to 1821 were all made by hand and were consequently very costly. Pinmaking machines have been brought to a state of perfection. They now receive the wire from the spools, cut it into proper lengths, make the head and point and polish the pins and by a most singular piece of machinery gather up at one motion a proper number to compose the row, fold the strips of paper and pass the pins through. A slight movement of the roller bearing the paper pushes it forward a little farther. It is again caught up by the clamps, and another row of pins is pressed into position. It is claimed for some of these pinmaking machines that they can manufacture 500 pins a minute.

The Camel.

Although long a captive, and for ages perhaps, the most serviceable of all the creatures which man has won from the wilds, the camel is still only partly domesticated, having never acquired even the small measure of affection for his master which we find in the other herbivorous animals which have been won to the service of man. The obedience which he renders is but a dull submission to inevitable toil. The intelligence which he shows is very limited, and so far as can be judged from the accounts of those who have observed him there is but little variation in his mental qualities. As a whole, the creature appears to be but the dullest and least improvable of all our servitors.

A Legend of Breslau.

Breslau, the Silesian capital, has a famous bell, that of the Church of St. Mary. It was cast in 1356 and has a legend. The story is that when his bell was ready for casting the founder, after his great labor, went to take food, and during his absence his apprentice, despite a strict prohibition, opened the stopcock of the crucible and let out the molten metal. The infuriated master, disregarding the youth's appeal for mercy made in Christ's name, pondered him on the spot and, finding afterward that his bell was none the worse, was plunged in remorse. Condemned for the crime, he asked on his way to the block to be allowed to hear his bell for the last time, and through the centuries ever since it has tolled the knell of the doomed. The German poet Muller celebrates the legend in verse. —London Globe.

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Saturday, May 18, 1907.

The Democratic Convention to nominate a candidate for United States Senator will be held in Providence next Wednesday.

Poster promises us a hot June. Let us hope that he is a good prophet. A month of hot weather about this time will prove more than acceptable.

Rhode Island mill owners state they will follow the example of New Bedford mills in increasing wages of employees. Such action may affect about 35,000 operatives.

The presidency of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology has been offered to Benjamin Ide Wheeler, president of the University of California, and it is regarded as very probable that he will accept the post. President Wheeler is a graduate of Brown University. The salary is \$12,000 a year.

There is a possibility that Commander Peary, the famous Arctic explorer, may deliver a lecture in Newport in the near future. The Ladies' Aid Society of the First Presbyterian Church have the matter under consideration and if sufficient encouragement is received he will come here under their auspices.

"Faith is the sum total of all the individualizing a man has had, plus his superiorly over others. When we desire it, it does not come; and when it does come, we have forgotten that we wanted it. Faith is more common among the dead than among the living. No man living can be absolutely sure of it. But when it comes to a dead man, he can be confident that it will remain."

The writer of the above evidently knew what he was writing about.

A Herald Washington dispatch says that the fiscal year ending July 1 next is going to be a record breaker in the collection of customs receipts. The greatest collection in any one year was \$300,000,000, reached last year. Already, this year, with a month and a half more to go, \$200,000,000 have been collected, and Assistant Secretary of the Treasury James B. Reynolds estimates that the total collections for the year will amount to \$330,000,000.

More than three years ago the ladies of Rhode Island composing the Daughters of the American Revolution, procured a most beautiful stand of colors for the battleship Rhode Island which they have had ready to present at any time, but for some unknown reason no notice has been taken of this generous movement on the part of the ladies although the authorities have been several times officially notified that the gift was ready for service.

As soon as one election is over it is time to prepare for another. Just now it is important to prepare for the elections that are to take place next November and December, and in order to do that it is necessary for any person who wants to vote this fall and who pays no property tax to go to the City Clerk's office and register his name at once. June 20th is the last day on which this duty can be performed, and as delays are always dangerous the duty had better not be put off till that time.

The State's bronze shield of Victory which is to adorn the Battleship Rhode Island has been accepted by the Committee and has been sent to the Brooklyn Navy Yard to be placed in proper position. The formal presentation will take place when the vessel comes to Newport some time between the 12th and 15th of June. Gov. Higgins will make the presentation address. The silver service, the contribution of the people of the State, will be presented at the same time, and also probably the beautiful stand of colors, the donation of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

Baron Ozawa, member of the Japanese House of Peers, commended by the Mikado to ascertain the state of anti-Japanese feeling in this country, says: "I shall report that I found no anti-Japanese feeling outside San Francisco. Japan has looked earnestly for an alliance with the United States. So long, however, as any misunderstanding like the anti-Japanese feeling in San Francisco exists, this might not be possible. There is no question about the open door in Manchuria. It was for this and the peace of the world that we fought. Japan has no objection to the United States owning the Philippines. If they should come into the possession of other powers, then Japan would consider their acquisition."

The recent political fight in the town of Salford is but the forerunner of the red hot politics this State is probably going to have from now to next January. "The town of Salford is a Democratic town. The town clerk, a Democrat, was also State Senator. He voted for Colonel Colt for U. S. Senator. This naturally enraged the Democratic leaders in Providence who tried to defeat his election as town clerk. They put up another Democrat, the son of ex-Congressman Page, to run against him, but Potter won out receiving 545 votes to 187 for his opponent. The election has no significance as far as the Republican situation is concerned as the town is always Democratic and the fight was between the two wings of the same party.

Larchmont Medals Presented.

Thursday night saw a great occasion at Black Island, such as never took place there before and it is to be hoped that it never will again. Medals and certificates of honor were presented to those crews of Black Island fishermen who so gallantly went to the rescue of the victims of the terrible Larchmont disaster last February. Three distinct sets of medals were presented to some of the participants in the gallant rescue, and the medals and awards from the Carnegie hero fund are yet to be presented.

The members of the Legislative committee, Governor Higgins and other speakers and guests went on the steamer New Shorham Thursday afternoon. There was a large party on board including some of the foremost citizens of the State. The formal ceremonies took place Thursday evening in the First Baptist Church of which Rev. H. A. Roberts, D. D., is the pastor, every inch of room in the building being occupied.

Representative Ray G. Lewis presided at the exercises and introduced General Treasurer Read who presented on behalf of the Volunteer Life-Saving Corps silver medals to the crew of the Elsie, consisting of Captain John W. Smith, Albert W. Smith, George E. Smith, Harry L. Smith, Earl A. Smith, Louis N. Smith, Jeremiah M. Littlefield and Edgar Littlefield; also honorary certificates to Arthur Sheffield, Elton P. Littlefield, John Sheffield, Samuel Hayes, Edward Henry, Dr. F. W. Larabee, and Charles Littlefield; and framed certificates of honor to be hung in the cabins of the schooners Elsie, W. T. Dodge, E. H. Smeed, Clara E., Little Fred, and Elop Theresa.

Judge Henry A. Palmer spoke for the General Assembly and then Secretary of State Charles P. Bennett presented the resolutions of thanks adopted by the General Assembly. Governor Higgins made an eloquent address in behalf of the State after which Senator J. Eugene Littlefield of Black Island presented the gold medals awarded by the State. General Charles A. Wilson spoke for the United States and Collector George W. Gardiner of Providence presented the silver medals on behalf of the Secretary of the Treasury.

The last speaker of the evening was Rev. Dr. Roberts who told the visitors something of the trying experiences that the Black Islanders went through during those terrible days. The exercises were interspersed with music, Miss Alice Hall presiding at the piano. The official party passed the night at the Dodge Cottage and a bountiful supper was served there before the exercises in the church.

In addition to the medals presented Thursday evening the crew of the Elsie have been voted medals and monetary awards from the Carnegie hero fund. Each member of the crew will receive a gold medal and in addition Captain John W. Smith will receive \$1000, A. W. Smith \$1000, George E. Smith \$2000, Harry L. Smith \$1000, Earl A. Smith \$2000, Louis N. Smith \$1000, J. M. Littlefield \$2000, and Edgar Littlefield \$2000.

Weather Bulletin.

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Washington, D. C., May 18, 1907. Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent May 18 to 20, warm wave 15 to 19, cool wave 18 to 22. Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about May 20, cross west of Rockies country by close of 21, great central valleys 22 to 24, eastern states 25. Warm wave will cross west of Rockies country about May 20, great central valleys 22, eastern states 24. Cool wave will cross west of Rockies about May 23, great central valleys 25, eastern states 27. This disturbance will bring with it much higher temperatures and the crop weather will climb out of the winter-like conditions of the previous week. The last part of May will bring much more favorable weather for the crops than the average up to this date.

Another disturbance will reach Pacific coast about May 25, cross west of Rockies country by close of 26, great central valleys 27 to 29, eastern states 30. Warm wave will cross west of Rockies about May 25, great central valleys 27, eastern states 29. Cool wave will cross west of Rockies about May 28, great central valleys 30, eastern states June 1.

Moderate temperatures will prevail during the passage of this disturbance across the continent while the force or intensity of all weather features will greatly increase.

About and immediately after May 18 the cool wave, which will be almost if not quite a cold wave will be in the northeastern states and eastern provinces and following it we may expect old winter to disappear. About May 21 the unseasonably cold weather will begin to disappear west of meridian 90 and better crop weather will prevail.

Much replanting of corn will be necessary and farmers should spare no efforts in preparing for very much better crop weather.

June will be as hot as April was cold. Don't forget that I gave almost perfect forecasts of April weather, particularly as to its very unusually low temperatures. I believe that my forecasts of an unusually hot June will prove to be equally correct.

I am expecting dry weather from western Iowa to southwestern Texas and the hot weather of June will probably not be good for that section, therefore in planting and replanting corn in that section better calculate on hot dry weather following May 18, while from Florida to Pittsburgh, about the upper lakes and thence northward, hot and wet weather may be expected during last part of May.

Look out for a June drought in the corn belt. Farmers who still have crops of old corn will be the fortunate ones. Bad crop weather of June will cause a scare in the corn trade. I have not indicated whether that drought will continue beyond June. This forecast about the June drought is given to enable farmers to conduct their corn and other cultivation to fit the weather of that month. From this distance the corn weather of June looks bad.

A Trip to Jamestown.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1.

turned to our rooms and made more careful toilets. One of the most amusing incidents of the morning was the arrival in haste of our bell-boy friend of the night before (the haste of a Southern bell-boy is truly remarkable), saying, "I don't thought of you ladies, and came to see if you were all right. I don't know you wouldn't want to stay here." He escorted us to the Blue Beach Hotel, where we breakfasted.

Our Rhode Island friends greeted us with sympathy, and, deciding that it was quite out of the question for us to remain in that hotel, invited us to spend a night in the State Building on the Exposition grounds. We accepted with pleasure, for this was opening day and our plans did not include a search for rooms, so once more the emigrants (as we soon became known to ourselves and our friends) started on a journey. This was not an uneventful one, for, being unable to find a toy to carry our suit cases, or even a car or a carriage to take us, we had to tell on the beat of the empty south, which that day did not belie its name.

Once in the grounds, we had a passing bus, which before many moments overturned in a ditch, and we had to climb out as best we could. Rescued by a guard, we were put into a service carriage, and after driving in every direction but the right one, finally reached the Rhode Island Building and felt that we were on strange soil no longer. Leaving our baggage, we hastened to the Grand Stand, where President Roosevelt was addressing the multitude, and enjoyed the remainder of his splendid speech (strenuously being the watchword, as always), and the beautiful music by a choral society of Norfolk.

After luncheon, I discovered a representative of the Press, who welcomed me as a fellow member, and gave me a badge, which obtained for me all sorts of courtesies and privileges during my visit. With a couple of friends I attended a fine concert that afternoon, and a very delightful Press reception at the Educational Building. Every one there was cordial, and we met a number of pleasant people. A delicious supper was served, and altogether this is a red letter affair in my memory. That evening, as we sat on the piazza of the Rhode Island Building, enjoying the beautiful moonlight Hampton Roads, and the long line of ships with their wonderful electrical display, we felt thankful to be alive and at home, as our own State Building seemed to be, however contented we were, the lights in the grounds also tempted us, and we could not resist going out to see all the buildings with their many rows of electric lights. Then music added its attraction, and we wandered into the Auditorium to hear one of the best concerts, vocal and instrumental that I ever have heard. We just peeped into the ball, which was a brilliant sight, with the various uniforms of the different nationalities and the beautiful gowns of the ladies, and we sighed for our trunks, so that we too might have gone in gala attire, for many friends were there, and a good time would have been ours. But it was not to be, so we wandered homeward and settled down happily for a good night's rest.

It was not undisturbed, however, our fate still followed us; for about midnight a terrific wind and thunderstorm came up, which rocked the house, and at times we wondered if we should be blown overboard. When morning came it had subsided somewhat, and we took advantage of a cloudy, cooler day, to see the exhibits. It is such a pity that the Exposition managers had so many difficulties to contend with, for the whole thing is splendidly planned, and what remains will be really fine.

That morning we spent on the War Path, which is not as dangerous as it sounds, which in fact is yet very incomplete. The wonderful Traveler horse and the Incubator Babies were the only attractions, but we wandered up and down, using our guide books and our imaginations to see in fancy what is to be. Having lunched on hot roast beef sandwiches, which seemed to be the proper thing to eat on the War Path, we went to the Virginia State Building which had just been dedicated, a most attractive Colonial home, modeled after the home of Governor Swanson, of Virginia. The furniture is all old and very beautiful, and I think we all wished we might bring home some of the candlesticks, lamps and mirrors. A Virginia woman is to act as hostess during the summer, living in the house and giving frequent receptions for any Virginians who may be visiting the Exposition. Other than Virginians seemed to be welcome, for we certainly spent a charming afternoon there. After listening to another concert by the same good talent, we went home, packed our bags and took our departure for Norfolk, where I had obtained several addresses for rooms.

Our difficulties during that short trip would almost fill a book. First we discovered that we had to have passes to leave the grounds with baggage, so two of us hastened to the Administration Building, to get them, leaving the third member of our party riding in state on a trunk on a rickety old cart, with an ignorant and reckless driver. Another lost opportunity! How I wish I had snapped her picture as she anxiously tried to keep her seat and her dignity, while the ancient cart bobbed over the uneven roads. Our passes were easily procured, but one had to be obtained for the driver, of whose name we were ignorant. However, we called him John Smith, for the hero of Jamestown, although when I said to him afterward, "Here's your pass; your name's John Smith," he didn't seem to recognize the honor, and never once smiled. Safely through the gate, then for a train. We saw one apparently headed for Norfolk but on being told that it would take us way outside of the town we decided to trolley. (We afterward found that it would have taken us exactly where we wanted to go.) An uncomfortable, and crowded electric car seemed inevitable, but we were fortunate enough to find seats. All was well for some time, but just outside of the city we stopped, and for no apparent reason we continued to stop. Our Northern nerves were racked, but our Southern companions didn't seem to mind, and a couple of them volunteered the information that there was a bridge ahead whose incline was so steep that we hadn't sufficient power to climb. Four cars in a row, waiting for electricity! We certainly were there for nearly an hour, and finally I went into a kind neighbor's house and telephoned to our future landlady that we were coming, when, I did not know, but we were surely coming, so would she please hold the rooms.

My kind neighbor's husband and one of our companions watched the cars for me, and warned me that number one had succeeded in going over the bridge, so I must hurry. No need for hurry however, as three more had to

start, but at last we too had gathered sufficient power to climb up on the bridge, and soon we were in Norfolk. Our two friends of the trolley insisted upon helping us with our bags, so under their escort we were able to find our lodgings. These were most comfortable, and I must say right here that our landlady couldn't have been more sympathetic and kind or more helpful to us in every way.

Sunday we spent a very restful and pleasant day. I was obliged to go out early in the morning, on a search for our trunks, which we had not seen since we had left them the night we had reached the town. Finding my way to the wharf, I succeeded in discovering them under many others which had since arrived, and sent them home by an expressman, who was the most energetic man I had seen, since he had them at our house even before I had returned. It was fun to tell the baggage man that we should not pay wharfage, since the Steamboat Company was responsible for landing us at the wrong place, and since he was not the proper official at all, he very promptly came around to my way of thinking. However, I left my name, in case there should be objections (which evidently there were not, since I heard nothing from it), and went home feeling rather elated at having saved our party some money, an unusual occurrence at an Exposition, I am sure.

We breakfasted at a very attractive boarding house, where we met some daughters of the American Revolution who were very friendly, and among whom we found ourselves almost heroes. We enjoyed the service at old St. Paul's Church, where a cannon ball said to have been shot by the British can still be seen, lodged in the outside wall. After luncheon, at which we ate Jimmie Jones' oysters (always recommended in Norfolk) we trolleyed to Virginia Beach and Cape Henry, the latter most interesting for the sand hills, which give one the feeling of journeying through the desert.

Monday morning bright and early saw us started for the Exposition, with the determination in our minds to see it all, and see it all we did. Government and State Exhibits were the chief attractions, and they were extremely interesting. We enjoyed a very like like group representing John Smith trading with the Indians, and the other groups showing the different Army and Navy uniforms.

We spent several hours visiting the various State buildings—Pennsylvania, modeled after Independence Hall, and containing fine portraits of the Signers; Massachusetts, a replica of the Old State House, with interesting school exhibits; New Jersey and Connecticut, both the Colonial Mansions, beautifully furnished. In the New Jersey we registered, and were presented with souvenir badges, which we added to the collection already worn, for of course we still wore our D. A. R. pins, our State badges and those of the Press.

In the Connecticut building we saw more of the fine old furniture, and I was particularly interested in the geological charts, made and illuminated by Mr. Camp of New Haven, which adorned many of the walls. Other interesting buildings were the Army and Navy Club House, and that of the Daughters of the Confederacy. We were sorry that the building of the Daughters of the American Revolution was still unfinished, and the relics therefore not yet on exhibition.

Tuesday we were present at the dedication of the Rhode Island House. I am proud to say that Rhode Island was the first State to break ground, the first to finish, and only the fourth to dedicate its building, a very pretty one, also in Colonial architecture. Its furniture is very simple and appropriate. There are some fine copies of portraits of Rhode Islanders, including two good ones of Oliver Hazard Perry, one of Esck Hopkins, a fine one of General Nathaniel Greene, King Charles II and Queen Katharine, each decorated with an appropriate flag. A large view of the State Capitol, and a portrait of Governor Higgins face the doorway, while from the other side President Roosevelt looks down upon all. The exercises were most interesting, a welcoming speech by His Excellency Governor Higgins preceding the historical address by Hon. John Taggart Bloodgett, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Rhode Island. Afterward an informal reception was held, and refreshments were enjoyed. Judge Bloodgett had many photographs of interesting documents pertaining to Rhode Island history, and belonging to the State Archives, some too which had been obtained from England, all of which will be in the State's exhibit.

After the exercises we had our pictures taken on the porch, with the Rhode Island delegation.

A very exciting occurrence of the day to us was the arrival of newspapers from home, in large head-lines, and from which we learned for the first time astonishing facts regarding the fire which had aroused us in the morning; first, that we were registered at the Wild West Hotel (whose name until then was unknown to us); second, that we were awakened by smoke and narrowly escaped with our lives from the burning building, and lastly that we lost all our clothes. This all seemed a grand joke to our friends but being quite untrue was not so funny to us, so I sought one of the reporters, asking why he did not investigate before registering us at the wrong hotel.

"What difference does it make," said he, "to people in the North? They don't know one of these hotels from another." I informed him that to our unhappy families at home it would make a great deal of difference whether we were in the hotel that burned or the one across the street, but he could not see it in that way, and continued to think it a great joke. The great joke is still haunting us, for, whenever we go on the street, some one inquires with sympathy about our narrow escape and the loss of our trunks. Even in Providence we are pursued, for our names were there emblazoned on the bulletin boards, and we find ourselves famous indeed.

Going from the sublime to the ridiculous after the dedication we visited the Philippines, whose villages were now open for inspection. A little band, who were quite Americanized, produced sweet music from guitars and mandolins whose use they had learned in Manila. But these were the least interesting to us, and we turned to a little group making music with native instruments. A camera had found its way in, and the owner photographed these people, and since we were the only visitors at that time we were asked to be in the picture too, perhaps as a natural sequence to the "Wild West" Hotel affair.

This day ended our view of the Exposition, since we had seen all there was to be seen. We regretted very much that regular boats were not running to Jamestown Island. Occasional excursions are to be run, but we could not wait for them, so my dream of going to Jamestown is still unrealized.

After our exciting times, we spent

one quiet day at Old Point Comfort, where we enjoyed sitting on the piazza and watching the little launches from the war ships, German, English and United States, bobbing around in the harbor and landing the sailors of the different nations. It was an inspiration to see North and South, Great Britain and America united in the celebration of this anniversary. Our own Jackies were good hosts, I am sure, and fraternized happily with their brothers of other lands. Red coats were familiar features, and one heard German quite as frequently as English.

On Thursday, our last day in Norfolk, we had a fine trip to Hampton, where we were fortunate enough to hear the anniversary exercises of the Institute. Here, too, our little State was in the foreground, for, to our great pleasure, our own Bishop McViekar of Rhode Island, who is Vice President of the Institution, was on the platform, and presented the graduating class to the Trustees. The exercises were most interesting, and we were greatly entertained by the remarks of a well educated negro who explained his evolution from the "laziest boy ever seen," a hopeless case, as he called himself, the credit of which evolution belonged solely to the Hampton Institute. An Indian gave some amusing traditions handed down by the ancestors of his tribe, and a charming woman who had studied Indian lore at first hand sang some real Indian music. We were much interested in the announcement that she has collected many Indian songs, having broken through the wall of Indian reserve by the charm of her manner, and will publish them some time next year. Very favorably criticized by Damroche, they will be a novel and valuable collection to those who study the most ancient customs of our land. A splendid chorus of several hundred voices sang the fine old plantation songs, and at the close of the program we all joined in singing "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

We had had a steady downpour of rain all day, an almost unprecedented thing for anniversary day in the annals of Hampton. Going over in the car, we heard one old colored woman say to another, "Haven't had a rainy day for thirty-nine years. Must be a Jonah aboard somewhere," and we thought that she certainly would have stopped the car had she known of us. Now, we are wearing Swastika pins, purchased in Norfolk, and warranted to secure us good luck. That night we had a fair passage to Washington, where we arrived in safety, and where our little party separated, after our eventful trip to the South.

Just one word about the Exposition. As it was undertaken in a reverent spirit, a patriotic rather than a business movement, I hope that the difficulties will be overcome and the plans all successfully carried out. With the advantage of a situation on Hampton Roads, historic and attractive, this ought to surpass in beauty and interest some of the other Exhibitions we have had. North and South, East and West will join in revering the memory of the Indian girl who in saving John Smith's life saved the first colony in America, which, though it perished afterward in reality, lives still in our hearts and thoughts.

EDITH M. TILLEY,
Editor Genealogical Department.

Real Estate Sales and Rentals.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented on yearly lease to Captain Charles G. Calhoun, U. S. N. (retired), the house and grounds known as "Engelheim" on the inner harbor, Washington street, for the Trustees of the August estate in Providence.

WEEKLY ALMANAC.		STANDARD TIME.	
DAY	1907.	Sun rises	Moon sets
18 Sat		4:17	12:02
19 Sun		4:17	12:02
20 Mon		4:17	12:02
21 Tues		4:17	12:02
22 Wed		4:17	12:02
23 Thurs		4:17	12:02
24 Fri		4:17	12:02

First quarter, 18th day, 10:30 a.m. evening.
New Moon, 25th day, 8:15 a.m. morning.
Full Moon, 27th day, 2:15 a.m. morning.

SMALL FARM FOR SALE.

ABOUT 5 MILES FROM NEWPORT.
I have for sale an excellent little farm with 7-room cottage. Well, electric, stable for 2 horses and 6 cows. Good carriage house. About 4 acres of land. This farm is situated on Paradise Avenue in Middletown, and would make an excellent poultry farm. Price only \$5500. Apply to

A. O'D. TAYLOR,
REAL ESTATE AGENT,
132 Bellevue Avenue, Newport, R. I.

Deaths.

In Middletown, 11th Inst., Julia Marie, widow of Job Barker, aged 85 years.
In this city, 15th Inst., at his residence, 11 William street, John Hurley, aged 80 years.
In this city, 16th Inst., Smith Bowersmith, in the 80th year of his age.
In this city, 16th Inst., Frederick Wilder, son of Abraham F. and Sarah E. Wilder, aged 2 months and 15 days.
On Providence, 14th Inst., Moses Brown lives Goddard, in his 77th year.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine
Carter's
Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR RHEUMATISM.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR SICK HEADACHE.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Washington Matters.

Kuroki is in Washington and Attracts Much Attention—General Garfield Having a Lively Time with the Interior Department—Pure Food Law Provokes More Discussion—Notes.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

Washington, D. C., May 15, 1907.

Kuroki, the hero of the Russo-Japanese war, has come to Washington as the guest of the nation. It is the most important military visit that has ever been made by a foreign commander to the United States, and he is being given the best sort of a time that official and social Washington can provide for him. Possibly he will like it, but more probably he will not, and the chances are that he will go home as he came, a great many distinguished visitors before him and tell his associates how much he was bored by the attentions the Americans lavished upon him. Of course this may be doing the thing that has happened before in so many cases that one is rather shy of pressing too much attention on the distinguished foreigners who honor the United States with a visit.

Gen. Kuroki is a Samurai, that is one of the hereditary class bearing men of Japan, but he has never had an ancestor who was at all distinguished in military command. He is the first in his name to gain military renown, and when one sees him they are surprised that such a mild looking person should be ranked, and justly as perhaps the foremost of living tacticians and strategists. The General has been stopping at the finest hotel in the city, occupying a suite of expensive rooms. He is accompanied by seven other distinguished Japanese military commanders and two Japanese orderlies who spend most of their time standing around the hotel lobby, smoking cigarettes and looking bored. All of the military party are small men, but Gen. Kuroki is the smallest of the whole party. He is a quiet little brown man with decided gray hair, a very long, drooping gray mustache, and the mildest of smiles, dark eyes, just the sort of a man in fact who looks as though he has never been out of reach of a trolley car in his life and who would not know a high powered rifle from a sewing machine. That is just how reliable appearances are in the most cases. Gen. Kuroki is just as mild of speech as he is in appearance and is very fond of children. That is the only point about him where appearances are not deceptive. He understands English and can talk it, but will not, always having an interpreter with him and using the interpreter as a buffer state between him and the average outsider. He talked English with the President at the White House however for a while and then drifted into German, in which both of them are thoroughly at home.

There was a reception to Gen. Kuroki and his staff at the White House at the end of the week. He and the visiting officers had gone to Mr. Vernon in the morning, being accompanied by the Secretary of the Navy and a number of the visiting naval officers from the foreign warships at Jamestown. They paid the usual tribute of respect by putting a wreath on the tomb of Washington and Gen. Kuroki was given a piece of ivy from the vault which he said he would take back to Japan and plant at his country place outside of Yokohama.

The visitors hurried back from Mr. Vernon to be present at the reception at the White House, and meantime the President had to be bustling to get back for the reception too. He had done the usual unconventional thing and given the Cabinet the slip and went off for a cross country ride in the morning. It was a fine day, one of the first of the fine spring days in Washington, and as there was nothing particularly pressing for the Cabinet meeting, Friday being a Cabinet day, the President sent word to his official family that there was nothing doing in the Cabinet line, called on his military aid, young Fitz Lee, and taking horses, the two with some of the foreign military officers galloped off for a cross country run and did a little fence jumping when far enough away from Washington not to attract attention. Secretary Garfield did not get the message cancelling the Cabinet meeting and he came all the way to the White House to find the Cabinet table deserted.

Secretary Garfield is having a lively time with the Interior Department since he has taken hold of it. There has been the general cleaning up of the Land Office which was left to him by Secretary Hitchcock, there has been more or less trouble over extra hours for clerks in several of the divisions where the work was behind and it was necessary to catch up, and most of all there has been the necessity of appointing a successor to the Commissioner of Patents, Mr. Allan, who has resigned. This last can hardly be ranked as an appointment of the first importance, yet it touches many people closely throughout the United States. The work of the Patent Office has been growing enormously of late years, and inventors of all sorts have reason to call the Commissioner of Patents blessed or otherwise, according as he does or does not give them a good administration.

Mr. Garfield has been charged with selecting a successor to Mr. Allan, and while he may make a poor choice, it could hardly be worse than the retiring commissioner. Mr. Allan has led the work of the Patent Office into the worst shape that it has been in since there was a Patent Office. He has been in the habit of taking three months' vacation and during these intervals much of the work of the office has been practically suspended because he would not allow the assistant commissioner to act for him. Cases piled up till a few months ago there were from 20,000 to 30,000 back cases that had not been acted upon. Things are a little better now owing to the vigorous action of the Patent Bar of Washington. But it will take a new commission and an able one to get the office running in satisfactory shape.

Strong efforts are being made by the whiskey interests of the country to force the Department of Justice to reopen the case of bleached and bottled-bond whiskey which was recently settled by the Attorney General. That Attorney General's decision was that under the Pure Food Law whiskey that was made up of high proof spirits and favoring matter with a dash of whiskey could not be called whiskey at all. This would seem to the purchaser rather a sensible decision. But it appears that about 90 per cent. of the whiskey sold is made in just that way, and consequently the whiskey interest, which is one of the most powerful in the country, is clamoring for the case to be reopened in hopes that the Attorney General may reverse himself. A hearing on the subject is to be held at the Department in the near future, but whether it will have any effect on the decision cannot be predicted.

Killed While Cleaning Rifle
Boston, May 17.—Private William Hagan of the coast artillery was shot and killed at Fort Banks through what is said to have been an accidental discharge of a rifle which he was cleaning. The officers of the fort began an investigation of the affair last night, but refused to give out any statement, except to say that in their opinion the shooting was accidental.

Miss Margaret's Lavender Silk.

Miss Margaret Willowby was sweeping her front piazza. It had rained the night before and the wind had driven the seeds from the tangles into all the niches and crevices of the carved railing.

She had driven the last seed from its hiding-place when she heard some one coming up the path and turned to greet her nearest neighbor, Mrs. Trumbull.

"Mercy sakes, Margaret!" she exclaimed, as she dropped into an armchair, "I should think you'd want some new steps. Them and climbing that hill's tired me all out. I've brought you a letter. Joe, he got the mail and I thought I'd fetch it up. From Edgar, ain't it? I see it's postmarked Salt Lake City."

"Yes, I guess so," said Margaret. "It was real kind of you to bring it up. I didn't calculate to go to the village today."

She took the letter in her thin hands and patted it lovingly. She would like to have waited and read it by herself, but she knew that Mrs. Trumbull would expect her to read it to her, so she slowly broke the seal.

"My dear little sweetheart of an auntie," Miss Margaret read, and laughed. Dear heart! that was so like Edgar, so like a lad she had known long ago, who scribbled letters to her on his slate and called her "sweet-heart."

She was aroused by Mrs. Trumbull's abrupt "Is that all he says, Margaret?"

"No," she said, faintly, and she read on: "I'm doing splendidly here—made a hundred dollars in a very first week." (Mrs. Trumbull gasped, "and I enclose fifty for my little aunt, to spend just as she pleases.")

Miss Margaret dropped the letter and took up the check.

"My!" exclaimed Mrs. Trumbull. "What you going to do with it, Margaret?"

"I—I don't know exactly," she said in a bewildered way. "I kind of think I'll get me a lavender silk."

"A lavender silk!" ejaculated Mrs. Trumbull. "Of all the foolishness I ever heard. Why don't you spend it for something sensible, coal or vittles or a black alpaca? You ought to be ashamed of being so vain at your age."

"I ain't any older than you be, Sarah Trumbull!" Miss Margaret retorted. "An' I've been spending my money for sensible things all my life. And now," her voice broke a little, "I'm going to have one pretty dress before I die. I always wanted a lavender silk, and now Edgar's sent the money, seems like I could have it."

"Well, if you feel that way about it, I s'pose it's all right, but it's an awful lot of money to put into flimsy. I must be a-going," Mrs. Trumbull hesitated a moment, then added, "You're willing I should tell about your present, ain't you, Margaret? They'll want to know how Edgar's doing."

"Yes," said Miss Margaret, "I be." She watched her caller go down the steps, then gathered up her precious bits of paper with a sigh of relief and went into the house.

"It's real thoughtful of Edgar to send me his first money. I'll set right down and thank him for it, and then I'll plan that dress. I believe I will go to the city this week and get it. I guess I'll make the skirt with three little ruffles, then a space and three more. Then there's that lace of Aunt Patty's that I can have to trim the waist with. I don't care if it was on her wedding gown. Maybe I be a foolish old woman, but I just crave that dress. I always liked lavender. I had on a lavender muslin when Iisha asked me to marry him."

It was thirty years since she said "Yes" to the question Iisha asked her under the maples yet she was Margaret Willowby still.

"It wasn't Iisha's fault nor mine," said she softly to herself. "Only that it was father took sick and nobody but me to care for him. Then Alice broke her hip and come home with her children, then Ellen died and left Edgar to me, and now—" A soft flush stole over her cheeks as she thought that the was free at last. But where was Iisha?

"The last time he come for me was when Edgar was a baby. I couldn't leave and I had to tell him so. That was twenty years ago and I ain't heard from him since."

Three weeks later the lavender silk reposed in state on the bed in Miss Margaret's spare chamber. She shook out the shining folds and patted the sleeves with a happy little sigh.

She slipped on the skirt to see. Then she tried on the waist and stood smiling at her shadowy reflection in the old-fashioned mirror.

"I declare, it makes me look ten years younger."

She caught up the skirt and curled to the figure in the glass. It was like seeing herself as she might have been.

"I wish," she said, softly, "that Iisha could see me now."

A sharp peal at the bell aroused her from her reverie.

"Oh!" she whispered, "I wonder who it can be." She made a frantic effort to slip out of the dress, but the books evaded her nervous fingers. "Oh! I'll have to go down just as I be."

She stole to the window and peeped out.

"I do believe it's Elder Davis. He will think I'm a frivolous old woman to be fixed out this way. Oh dear!"

With a sigh she gathered up her shimmering skirts and went slowly down the stairs and opened the door. The next moment she disappeared in the embrace of a tall stranger who kissed her until her cheeks were as red as roses.

"Isha!" she murmured happily. "Where did you come from?"

She led the way to the parlor and was about to sit on one of the stiff hair-cloth chairs when Iisha objected.

"No," he said, "you come over here on the sofa by me. When a man ain't seen his sweetheart for twenty years he wants her handy."

The delicate color flooded her cheeks and she laughed.

"What a man you are, Iisha!" she said fondly, "but where in the world did you come from?"

"Didn't Edgar tell you?" he asked. "I met him in Salt Lake City and he said you were living here alone, so I started right off, and he said I could leave. Strange he didn't say nothing about it."

"Why," Miss Margaret took the letter from the bookcase, "here 'tis on the other side. I was so flustered with Sarah Trumbull's calling me old that I didn't see this. I wondered, too, what made Edgar stop so sudden."

"You old! Why, you don't look a day over thirty. Margaret—when can you get ready to go back with me?"

"In a week, I guess."

"A week!" he repeated.

"Can't you wait that long, Iisha?" she asked, anxiously.

"Margaret," he said, soberly, "I've waited thirty years, and it's hard work."

Her eyes glistened. Did she not know how hard it was?

"And you never married in all those

The Better Choice.

"I heard some good news today, Nancy," he said, leaning forward expectantly. She raised her eyes questioningly.

"Father bought a farm in Dakota," he went on, "and he wants me to go there and run it for him next year."

He paused, but she did not reply.

"Well," he asked at length.

"It will be a very good chance for you."

"And you?"

"I'm getting on very well teaching school."

"But I don't want you to teach school, Nancy," he pleaded. "Think how much nicer it would be to have a little home of our own."

"I don't want a home of my own," she replied, turning her head away.

"Have you forgotten your promise?" he asked, a note of mingled pain and surprise in his voice. "You told me once you loved me."

"There were tears in her eyes as she looked at him imploringly.

"I know I promised, Jimmie," she said, "but I was young then and scarcely realized what it meant."

"But, Nancy—"

She checked him with an appealing gesture. "I don't love you, Jimmie. I've tried and tried, but I can't. I don't believe I ever did. Mechanically she drew off her ring and held it out toward him. He made no move to take it, but rose abruptly and walked over to the window. For a long time he stood there, gazing at the whirling snowflakes outside, and when he finally turned and came back his face was so changed that the girl in the big armchair hardly recognized him.

He came and stood in front of her chair, steadying himself a moment before he spoke. "Think of these four years, Nancy," he said. "These four happy years, and that one particular evening long ago when we were out on the lake and the moonlight turned the waves to rippling silver. Oh, I was happy then. It all seemed so good to be true. To think that you the dearest girl in all the world, had promised to be mine and only mine. It seemed like a glorious dream. Yes, it was a dream, and I am just beginning to awaken." His voice broke and he buried his face in his hands.

"Don't Jimmie, please don't," she sobbed. "Don't you see that I can't help it? You'll find some girl out there, Jimmie, a nicer and a truer girl than I am."

"I never want to see another girl," he replied. "Good-by, Nancy, I hope you'll be happy."

In a moment he was gone out into the storm and darkness with an awful loneliness freezing his very soul, and back in the house a fair-haired girl leaned her head on the arm of the old chair and sobbed herself to sleep.

Slowly the weeks passed away. The bleak winter with its sleet and snow had gone, and the beautiful summer flowers were fading one by one to make room for the gorgeous colors of autumn. Nancy had been attending summer school and was coming home again—home to the little white schoolhouse and the dear, exasperating children. Somehow the thought of it did not awaken any of the old enthusiasm. She used to think she loved to teach, but now—well, she was almost afraid she was beginning to hate it. The summer school with its tired, worn teachers, many of whom had given the best part of their lives to the work and had grown prematurely old and wrinkled, had not appealed to her as it usually did. There had been a few boys there, too, pale, studious looking boys, contrasting very unfavorably, she thought, with the ruddy checked, sturdy farmer that was hers no more. She kept thinking of him and remembering his many little acts of kindness. How good he had been and how kindly! And how cruel she had been to him!

There was a sharp shriek of the whistle and the passengers were nearly thrown from their seats as the airbrakes were suddenly thrown on. "Then there came a crash, and outside the cries of excited men mingled with the hiss of escaping steam. The passengers hurriedly climbed out and ran forward. A stock train had broken a truck and in stopping to repair it had neglected to put out signals to warn other trains that might be approaching. The caboose was a total wreck and the passenger engine badly damaged. The train crews, with the help of some of the passengers, set to work at once to remove the wreckage. Before they had gone far they came upon a body of a man, crushed and bleeding, but still alive. Carefully they cut away the timbers that held him, and carried him out and laid him on the grass. A well-meaning old gentleman attempted to lead Nancy away from the gruesome sight, but too late. She had recognized the blood-stained features, and with a frightened sob she sprang forward.

"Jimmie!" she cried, an all unmindful of the wondering crowd she knelt beside him and threw her arms about his neck. "Jimmie, don't you know me?" Slowly the eyes opened and the lips parted in a wavering smile. Tenderly she bent over and kissed them. "I love you Jimmie," she whispered. "I'm just beginning to realize how much I do love you. You're not going to die, are you, Jimmie? You'll live for my sake, won't you?"

His bruised face seemed almost transfigured with happiness as he nodded a silent assent. And he did live, though the doctors gave him up more than once. But Nancy's loving care was rewarded at last and he began to improve slowly, though it was months before he was entirely well. Nancy never went back to teaching school, but if you should ever happen to go out to a certain part of South Dakota you would find her and Jimmie in one of the coziest, happiest homes in the whole State.—C. V. Gregory.

His Number.

Two men stepped up to the desk at the Brown Palace Hotel yesterday afternoon and one of them registered. The other was acquainted with C. H. Churchill, the clerk.

"Hello, Church," he said. "I want you to meet my friend, Mr. Fish. He's out for a Chicago firm."

The clerk shook hands with the man who had just registered. "Glad to know you, Mr. Fish," he said. "What do you sell?"

"Scales," was the reply.

"A good line for a fish," said Mr. Churchill.

The traveling man drew a little book from his pocket. "Let's see," he said as he turned the pages. "Your number is 9781."

"My number?" said the clerk, perplexed.

"Yes," said the drummer. "Just 9781 people have sprung that joke on me since I took up the work eighteen months ago."

"Aw, go weigh!" said Mr. Churchill. The traveling man winced, but decided to remain at the hotel anyway.—Denver Post.

His Easy Courage.

A little man in side whiskers entered a dentist's office one morning, and with a courage that belied his looks announced that he wanted an appointment for the afternoon.

"Half-past three," replied the dentist.

"All right. It's to have a tooth drawn—a very bad tooth with three prongs."

"In that case I should advise an anesthetic."

"How much will it cost?"

"Ten shillings."

"Then I'll not waste my money on anesthetics. I'll have this tooth drawn in the ordinary way."

"Very well," murmured the dentist, so surprised at his courage that he added, "You are an extraordinarily brave man."

"Me? Me brave? Don't you think it," said the little man. "It's not my tooth it's my wife's."—Strand Magazine.

The Quality of Mercy.

There is a custom in French jurisprudence that sanctions the consultation of a judge in provincial courts with colleagues on the bench when sentence is to be passed upon certain classes of malefactors.

"What ought we to give thisascal, brother?" a judge in the Department of the Loire once asked the colleague on his right.

"I should say three years."

"What is your opinion, brother?" This to the colleague on the left.

"I should give him four years."

Whereupon the judge, assuming an air of great benevolence, said:

"Prisoner, not desiring to impose upon you a long and severe term of imprisonment, as I should have done if left to myself, I have consulted my learned brethren, and shall take their advice. Seven years."—Argonaut.

Identifying by Thumb-marks.

"Do you believe you can identify people by thumb-marks?" asked the man in the restaurant.

"I certainly do," replied the proprietor.

"Well, will you please look at this plate of soup and see which one of your waiters brought it in, and tell him not to put his thumb in my soup?"—Yonkers Statesman.

Backing His Theory.

"Do you still believe in inherited weaknesses?"

"How do you account for the fact that little Mary Hingler cries so easy and so often?"

"Her mother worked in an onion canner and her grandmother was an emotional actress."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Disease in Carpets.

At the last session of the Parli Academy of Medicine Dr. Vidal called attention to the great danger of contagion from the use of oriental carpets. These carpets come from countries in which dysentery and other diseases prevail.

Real.

Patience—And her color—Isn't that artificial?

Patrice—Oh, no; that's real paint.

In a small village in the south of Scotland an elder in the parish church was one day reproving an old woman who was rather the worse for liquor by saying, Sarah, don't you know that you should fly from the tempter?

Sarah (not too well pleased)—Elee yerrel!

Elder—Oh, Sarah, I have flown!

Sarah—Aweel, I think ye'll be nane the waur o' another flutter!—Scottish American.

Mrs. Shortcomious—Have some more of the lamb, Mr. Wisenham.

Mr. Wisenham—No; I can't bear to eat it. It was somebody's pet lamb once.

Mrs. Shortcomious—How do you know?

Mr. Wisenham—Because they must have waited years and years before they had the heart to kill it.—Cleveland Leader.

"Of course doctor, German measles are seldom serious."

"I never met but one fatal case."

"Yes; it was a Frenchman, and when he discovered it was German measles that he had mortification set in."—Pitt-Bits.

Bald-headed man (who inclines to be facetious)—I'm getting to be pretty bald. Suppose you'll have to cut my hair for half price hereafter, eh?

Tonsorial Artist (who is equal to the emergency)—Oh, no, sir, we always charge double when we have to hunt for the hair.—Tit-Bits.

Lady (who has asked Jones to tea at her club)—So awfully sorry. I quite forgot I had a "Down with Man" meeting. But please take a seat and make yourself comfortable. We shall only be about an hour.

(Jones says he thinks he'll go and do some shopping.)—Punch.

Of languages which so widely differ among themselves as to be incomprehensible without particular study the number readily exceeds 1,000.

If a man of forty marries a woman of thirty, people say she is eighteen, and her husband near seventy.

Women's Dep't.

Notes About Women.

The next international meeting in the interests of women's suffrage is to be held in Holland in 1908.

In Iceland women may vote for all elective offices, except members of Parliament, and more than 7,000 women in that far north country belong to the Woman's Political League.

The 1908 Convention of the National American Woman Suffrage Association will be held in Buffalo, N. Y., and will mark the 60th anniversary of the first "woman's rights convention" ever held in the world and which occurred at Seneca Falls, N. Y. Mrs. Charlotte L. Pierce, of Philadelphia, is the only person now living who attended that meeting in 1848.

Fake Story Denied.

The absurd story, which has been going the rounds of the press, of the reincarnation of Susan B. Anthony in the person of Julia Foster Avery is causing the little girl's mother and the suffragists, generally, a great deal of annoyance. As a matter of fact, when Miss Anthony passed away Mrs. Avery and her daughters were in Germany; therefore, the death bed incident, so graphically described could not have taken place. It is true that Mrs. Avery's daughters are deeply interested in woman suffrage, have organized a young people's league at Swarthmore, and speak French and German. Aside from these statements the "reincarnation story" is a fake, pure and simple. It is past belief that anyone who knew that eminently sensible and always practical woman—Susan B. Anthony—should place any credence in it.

National Woman Suffrage Association.

The 1908 Convention of the National Woman Suffrage Association will mark the 60th anniversary of the first meeting of this kind ever held in the world. That meeting was held at Seneca Falls, N. Y., in 1848, and the table on which was written the "Declaration of Rights," promulgated by that gathering, was among the choicest possessions of Susan B. Anthony. It will be carefully preserved and finally placed in some public institution, probably.

Since the death of Miss Mary Anthony the home of these famous sisters, which was the property of Miss Mary, has been abandoned and will be offered for sale.

Susan B. Anthony bequeathed her desk and chair to Harriet Taylor Upton, treasurer of the National Woman Suffrage Ass'n. These pieces of furniture will be sent to Mrs. Upton and used by her in the headquarters of the National Association at Warren, O.

Mrs. Ida H. Harper is now engaged in completing "The Life and Work of Susan B. Anthony." Mrs. Harper wrote the two volumes now in existence, which contain the record of Miss Anthony's life up to 1895, several years ago.

Miss Anthony looked forward to the 60th anniversary of the first "woman's rights convention" and expressed the wish that the 1908 meeting be held somewhere in New York State. In accordance with this desire Buffalo has been chosen as the Convention city.

New Pudding.

"Boss," shouted the big cook from the kitchen, "we have a lot of scraps out here that ain't working."

"Lot of scraps, eh?" replied the proprietor of the snowed-out manumission. "Well, mix them all together, and a little fiery tobacco sauce and then put a sign outside, 'Central American Pudding To-day.'"

The manager of a ship yard is reported to have assembled his men together in the time office and told them to vote in a municipal election as they pleased. "In fact, I shan't tell you how I am going to vote," he said, "but after it is all over I shall have a barrel of beer brought into the yard." ("Hear, hear!" shouted the men.) "But I shan't tap it unless Mr. Blank gets in."

"Why don't you make a few speeches on that subject?" asked the admiring friend.

"My dear sir," answered Senator Sarganum, "making a few speeches is out of the question. Once the habit is acquired it is impossible to make a few speeches just as it is impossible to smoke a few cigarettes."—Washington Star.

For Over Sixty Years.

Mrs. Winslow's Sore Throat Syrup has been used by millions of mothers for their children's sore throats, and it has cured and broken up your rest by sick child's screaming and crying with pain of Coughing, Asthma and all other ailments of the throat. Winslow's Sore Throat Syrup for Children is a safe and reliable remedy for the throat. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, and all other ailments of the throat. It is the prescription of one of the oldest and best families of physicians and is used in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Beware of cheap imitations. Winslow's Sore Throat Syrup. Guaranteed under the Food and Drug Act, June 30th, 1906. Serial number 1008.

Constipation is positively cured by Carter's Little Liver Pills. Not by purging and weakening the bowels, but by regulating and strengthening them. This is done by improving the digestion and stimulating the liver to the proper secretion of bile, when the bowels are free and the system is healthy. It is a safe and natural manner. Purgative pills must be avoided. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. Price 25 cents.

Harsh purgative remedies not only give way to the gentle action and mild effects of Carter's Little Liver Pills. In fact, if you try them, they will certainly please you.

Pizzaro completed the conquest of Peru at thirty-five and died at forty.

Prompt relief in sick headache, dizziness, nausea, constipation, pain in the side, guaranteed to those using Carter's Little Liver Pills. One a day. Small price. Small dose. Small pill.

Less than two percent of speculators make money.

Pearls of Thoughts.

Prejudices are merely other people's opinions.

A close mouth is seldom open to suspicion.

Experience makes the cynic, lack of it the fool.

A woman drives a horse much as she does a tack.

Lots of us would rather be happy than be in love.

The man with a wooden leg naturally has a lumbering gait.

An innocent lie never hurts quite as much as a malicious truth.

The road to pleasure is much shorter going than coming back.

The office holder always believes that one term deserves another.

A man is either taken aback by criticism, or else he takes it off.

Good deeds may never die, but lots of them seem to go into a trance.

A girl can either make a fool of a fellow or make him make one of himself.

The fellow who is all wrapped up in himself is naturally a bundle of conceit.

You can't expect a mere man to be perfect when even the sun has spots on it.

It's too bad a man can't get into heaven with his tombstone inscription as a passport.

There is only one thing a woman loves better than to be told a secret, and that is to find it out herself.—From the "Gentle Cynic" in the New York Times.

Household Hints.

Silkoline makes splendid dust cloths.

A large piece of canvas skin should be kept in every house to give the final polish to the mirrors and window panes.

Chiffon can be washed in soap and water and ironed, but it must not be rubbed in the process.

To prevent salt from lumping mix cornstarch, allowing one teaspoonful cornstarch to six of salt.

After broiling or frying, wipe off all the fat that splattered on the range with old newspapers.

To clean granite ware where mixtures have burned on: Half fill the dish with cold water, add generous pinch of washing soda, heat slowly to boiling point, then empty, when dish may be easily cleaned.

To keep sinks free from grease, pour down once a week a potash solution made from one-half can of potash dissolved in one quart of hot water.

In a Fog.

Nothing has such a bewildering effect as fog. Only animals which find their way by scent can get about in it with any certainty.

Birds are entirely confused by it. Tame pigeons remain all day motionless and half asleep, huddled up, either in or just outside their pigeon houses.

Chickens remain motionless for hours during heavy fogs. No bird stags or utters a call, perhaps because it fears to betray its whereabouts to an unseen fog.

During one very thick fog a blind man was found wandering about a certain district of London.

This man was in the habit of coming up every day from a suburb, carrying notes and parcels, and had sincerely ever lost his way before. Asked why he had gone astray (for he was quite blind and it was supposed that weather would have made no difference), he said that in a fog the ground "sounded quite differently."—Chronicle.

Off the Benton Track.

The first morning the new teacher was at the village school he taught a lesson in mental arithmetic and gave the following example:

"If I had seven oranges and eleven more are given to me, then I give five of them to a friend, how many oranges have I left?"

The new teacher could not understand the puzzled expression of the children's faces or why he received no answer, but thinking they must be rather dull repeated the question. After a little silence a small hand was raised.

"Well, little boy, how many are left?"

"Please, sir," timidly replied the boy, "we always do our sums with apples."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Wilted.

Dr. Martin Regensburger has a little son. The youngster was recently visiting an aged and wealthy lady in the Santa Clara valley. Returning from a delightful drive in the private carriage of his hostess, the small boy entered the dining-room and laid a basket of short-stemmed wilted flowers beside the elderly lady's plate.

"Ah, but I am no longer young or beautiful, but my little man has favored me above all these pretty young girls here."

The small boy looked puzzled a moment, and then blurted out:

"That's so; but you keep 'em just the same. They're wilted, too."—San Francisco Chronicle.

The records in the War department in Washington, are, as a rule, very dry but occasionally an entry is found that is humorous.

An officer of engineers, in charge of the construction of a road that was to be built through a swamp, being energetic himself and used to surrounding move obstacles, was surprised when one of his young lieutenants whom he had ordered to take twenty men and enter the swamp, said that he "could not do it—the mud was too deep." The colonel ordered him to try. He did so, and returned with his men covered with mud, and said:

"Colonel, the mud is over my men's heads. I can't do it."

The colonel insisted and told him to make a requisition for anything that was necessary for the safe passage. The lieutenant made his requisition in writing on the spot. It was as follows:

"I want twenty men equipped feet long to cross a swamp fifteen feet deep."—Harper's Weekly.

Dolly—What do you suppose Mildred means by calling her sweetheart a great bear.

Polly—Oh, bears are great for hugging.

CASTORIA.
The Kidney and Bladder
Beware of
Imitations
Solely
Prepared by
J. C. H. Little & Co.

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Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Mailed queries must be accompanied by a stamped envelope, with the name and address of the querist always given on the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 4. Letters addressed to contributors, or to the editor, must be sent in plain, stamped envelopes, accompanied by the name of the querist and his signature. Direct all communications to Miss E. M. TULLY, R. I., Newport Historical Rooms, Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1907.

QUERIES.

6383. LATHAM. SEAGAR—In the Latham family history, Ann Latham, daughter of Lewis of England, and a sister of Francis (Latham) Clark, of Rhode Island, married—Seagar. This statement has been printed many times, and I have been unable to find further information regarding this Seagar family. Can any one help me to trace this Seagar line?—L. H.

6384. ROHMANN—Who was the first wife of Thomas Rohmann, son of John, born Dec. 26, 1640, died Jan. 11, 1728. Was Newport, R. I., 1675, and later. He is 2d wife was Putnam Matine, and his 3d wife was Hannah Clark. I would also like to know the date of birth and name of husband of Anne Rohmann, sister of the above named Thomas.—C. C.

6385. TAYLOR—Samuel Burroughs died Newport, R. I., Oct. 21, 1801. He had son Samuel, who married Phoebe Taylor. Can any one give the names of the parents of Phoebe Taylor?—H. T.

6386. STOCKFORD—Who was the father of John Stockford, of Warren, R. I., who died Warren Feb. 21, 1837? Aged 60 years.—S.

6387. PERRY—Stephen Chisholm, of South Kingstown, R. I., born August 3, 1763, married Elizabeth Perry, she died March 11, 1811. It is claimed that she was a relative of Com. O. H. Perry. Can any one give me the relationship?—Perry.

6388. CHASE—Who were the parents of Benjamin Chase, of Newport, R. I., born 1778, died 1856? His wife Abby was born Oct. 16, 1777, died 1840. What was her maiden name?—C. C.

6389. LARKIN—Who was James Larkin, of Hopkinton, R. I., who married Elizabeth Ward, daughter of Thomas of Newport, R. I. September 19, 1779? Can any one give the dates of births and death of James Larkin?—L. L.

6390. VAN ZANDT—Who was William T. Van Zandt, to whom Elizabeth Hazard Barker, daughter of Jacob and Elizabeth Barker, was married about 1840? She was born 1817.—V.

6391. TILLEY—James Tilley, son of William Tilley, of New London, Conn., b. 1818, d. June 17, 1848, resided, for a short time in Newport, R. I. It is said that he left many family papers which were in possession of his mother (who died in Newport, in 1861) after his death. They resided in Newport, first in the Easton House near the State House, and later in the house on Farewell street next above the corner of Poplar street. Does any one know of the existence of these papers?—R. H. T.

6392. BOSWORTH—Would like to know place and date of birth of Jonathan Bosworth, who married Hannah Howland, dau. of John, July 6, 1691.—M. W. C.

6393. ROUND—Would like place and date of birth and death of Sarah Round who married Jonathan Bosworth; b. Sept. 22, 1680, son of above Jonathan.—M. W. C.

6394. BOWEN, BOSWORTH—Would like parentage of Mary Bowen, who married Jan. 12, 1726-7, Jonathan Bosworth, b. Rehoboth, Mass., May 31, 1706, died—Aug. 1776. Would like place of death.—M. W. C.

6395. HORTON, BOSWORTH—Would like place of death of Jonathan Bosworth Jr., b. at Rehoboth, Mass., Oct. 14, 1739, and July 1762, to Hannah Horton. What was her parentage?—M. W. C.

6396. TURNER—Where did John Turner die, who was born at Scituate, 1818, and 1698 to Abigail Padeball? What was her ancestry?—E. B.

6397. GARDNER—Who were the parents of Patience Gardner, married Feb. 4, 1787-8 to John Turner, son of above?—E. B.

6398. LAWTON—Would like date and place of death of Hannah Turner, dau. of above John and Patience, and wife of Robert Lawton, of Portsmouth, R. I. She was b. Jan. 29, 1741.—E. B.

ANSWERS.

6301. 6302. MILLER. COLL—With reference to the Miller and Cole items I would like to give the result of my researches. The first Miller ancestor of whom I have knowledge was named John, wife unknown. He had a son Robert, born about 1632, who married Nov. 22, 1662, Elizabeth, daughter of William Smith. Robert died in Warren, R. I., March 10, 1699-9, aged 67 years, and his widow married in 1709, Samuel Hayward, Robert and Elizabeth had among others Robert Jr., born June 12, 1699, who married Feb. 14, 1699-90, Charity Thurber. Robert Jr., died August 17, 1710, aged 43 years, and Charity married second John Wood. Robert Miller Jr., and Charity had among other children a son John, who married Sarah Horton. John was born 14 Feb., 1692. Sarah was born 1692 and died Aug. 16, 1725, in her 33d year. She was daughter of John Horton and Melitabel Garzey.—A. L. W.

6304. CHAPMAN—Mary Chapman was daughter of Ralph Chapman, of Marshfield, and Lydia Wells, of Wills-

about 1671. Ralph was of Southwark, Eng., and came to ship Elizabeth in 1635. (See Historical sketch of Haverhill, Mass.)—A. L. W.

6365. COLL—Mary Cole was daughter of Hugh Cole and his first wife Mary Foxwell. Hugh was son of James Cole and Mary Plympton. James was of Plymouth in 1633 and kept a tavern from 1638 to 1650. Hugh Cole and Mary were married Jan. 8, 1634. Mary (Foxwell) Cole died Jan. 26, 1659, or 1709, aged 72 or 73 years. Their daughter Mary, mtd. Jonathan Kingsley, Nov. 24, 1658, and died March 10, 1750, in her 81st year. Jonathan died Jan. 15, 1750, in his 79th year. He was son of Eldad Kingsley, who mtd. in 1662 Melitabel Mary. Mary mtd. 2d, Timothy Brooks. Eldad was son of John Kingsley of Dorchester and his wife Elizabeth. Eldad was born 1633.—A. L. W.

Prudence Island.

Arbor day was observed at the Island School by appropriate exercises and the planting of trees and flowers by the children, assisted by the teacher. A number of pine trees were furnished for the occasion by Ralph W. Furman, of the Chipewick Farm; and Mrs. Helsey Chase and Mrs. Wm. Smith furnished the seeds and plants for the flower beds.

The cold and high wind of Sunday did not prevent a number of fishermen from coming to that favorite Sunday anchorage, Potter's Cove. The islanders, who have enough and to spare of cold-weather boating, always look with amusement on these early birds; and on this occasion there were few who made even a bluff of enjoying themselves. Their stay at the Cove was noticeably short and long before sunset all had returned to town.

George Williams, of the W. E. Barrett Company, Providence, spent Saturday night at his summer residence at Prudence Park, the occasion of his visit being to arrange for some needed repairs on the steamboat wharf.

The fyke-net fishing around Prudence is now over, the last of the traps having been taken up during the past week. The setting of the large traps for the summer is rather later than usual but is being rapidly pushed forward.

There was an accidental tragedy at a Portuguese barbecue in Little Compton last Sunday. Antonio Rogers was accidentally shot by Mrs. Rita Silva who was in the act of firing a salute in honor of the occasion. The woman was exonerated from all blame for the affair.

Miss Molly Brownell, daughter of Mrs. Harriet T. Brownell, of Providence and Middletown, will be married to Mr. Ernest Behrend, of Erie, Pa., at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel, Middletown, Saturday, June 1st.

Mr. and Mrs. Reginald C. Vanderbilt and Miss Kathleen Vanderbilt have arrived at Sandy Point Farm after an extended trip abroad.

Mrs. Zabriskie has opened her cottage on Rhode Island avenue and Catherine street for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Jurgens, Jr., have returned from a visit to Jamestown, Va., and other places.

Rev. Aquilla Webb, who is in attendance on the session of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of America, at Columbus, Ohio., has been chosen one of the clerks of that body. There are about 900 commissioners in attendance.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Jurgens, Jr., have returned from a visit to Jamestown, Va., and other places.

SODA WATER TANK BURST

Two Men Killed, One Badly Injured and Building Wrecked.

Haverhill, Mass., May 15.—By the explosion of a soda water tank at the bottling works of O. A. Smith, Cyrus Keller was instantly killed and Joseph Souci died at a hospital shortly after the accident. C. A. Smith received severe contusions about the head and body.

The explosion occurred while Frank Pollard was operating the carbonator, with which the tank was being charged. Keller, who came from Exeter yesterday afternoon to visit the proprietor, who is a brother-in-law, had just entered the works. Without warning, the tank exploded with a terrific report, wrecking the small 16-story wooden building and shaking houses in the vicinity. Keller's head was blown off, and his body otherwise mutilated. Souci, who was an employee, had one leg almost blown off and sustained several fractures of the other leg, besides being injured about the head. Smith was severely injured by pieces of wood and other flying debris.

Pollard was in the midst of the flying debris, but escaped injury. By appointment with Keller, a brother, Mrs. Smith went to the works to meet him. She arrived just after the explosion.

The exact cause of the explosion is not known. One theory is that it was due to an overcharge of carbonic acid gas, and another is that there may have been a defect in the apparatus.

Stephenson Wins in Wisconsin Madison, Wis., May 17.—The Wisconsin senatorial election was broken last night by the nomination of former Congressman Isaac Stephenson. The final result was: Stephenson, 54; Esch, 23; Hatten, 10; scattering, 3. The ballot ended a deadlock existing since April 16. Since that time a daily ballot has been taken in the legislature in joint session and nearly 80 ballots were taken in the Republican caucus.

Lower Hudson Full of Warships New York, May 17.—With the arrival of the American warships from Norfolk the fleet of fighting vessels anchored in the lower Hudson river has become an imposing spectacle. The flags of four nations float over the various ships, the first comprising two Japanese cruisers, a French cruiser, an Italian cruiser and six American battleships. The ships will remain

Patent Medicine

For babies. Greatest invigorator in the world. To be taken before and after meals and between meals—the more the better. Stops their whimpering, helps their teething, makes bright eyes and rosy cheeks, induces sleep—the gentle, soothing swing of our

English Spring Carriages.

30 odd patterns for your choosing. Carls with hoods that protect the little ones from every draft and ugly wind; carts with dainty reed bodies and sweetest of lace covered shades; English enamel carts—sweetest things out; clever little collapsibles that fold so closely they can be stowed behind the hall door. There's an extra low price on each one of these, too. Shop around before you come here and see if the saving isn't worth your while.

From \$2.25

A. C. TITUS CO.

225-229 THAMES STREET, NEWPORT, R. I.

To owners of Real Estate in Middletown and Portsmouth. We have occasional calls for property in this section. If you wish to dispose of yours kindly let us know.

WM. E. BRIGHTMAN.

Box 3 COR. SPRING AND FRANKLIN STREETS.



A telephone is a convenience, a time-saver, a means of protection and an economy that should be in every home. Your family cannot afford to be without its service.

Residence Rates are Reasonable.

PROVIDENCE TELEPHONE CO.

LOCAL CONTRACT OFFICE, NEWPORT, R. I., 142 SPRING STREET.

FURS.

I have left city to travel. Want to sell, also serviceable set (Persian Bears), large and small; also, very deep collar, extra large Pillow Sluff. Cost me \$25.00. Offer. Take \$11.00. (M.) MERCURY OFFICE. 5-18-1W

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

NEWPORT, May 18th, 1907. THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the City of Newport, Administrator of the estate of PATRICK SMITH, late of said Newport, deceased, and has given bond according to law. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court, within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof. PATRICK R. CUNDON. 5-18-1W

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, R. I., May 6th, 1907. Estate of Noah Dodge.

AN INSTRUMENT in writing, purporting to be the last will and testament of Noah Dodge, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, is presented for probate, and the same is referred to the 3d day of June next, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said New Shoreham, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, R. I., May 6th, 1907. Estate of George C. Sprague.

AN INSTRUMENT in writing, purporting to be the last will and testament of George C. Sprague, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, is presented for probate, and the same is referred to the 3d day of June next, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said New Shoreham, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

BY VIRTUE of a power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage Deed made by William Myron Smith (his wife Fannie E. Smith joining therein in release of dower) to George E. Ward, late deceased, of the Town of Middletown, dated March 23d, A. D. 1884, and recorded in Land Evidence of the Town of Middletown, book number 17, pages 101 and following—Said Mr. Ward, administrator on the estate of said George E. Ward, will sell at public auction, on the premises herein described, on SATURDAY, the 18th day of May, A. D. 1907, at twelve o'clock, noon, (through the agency of the undersigned) the following described land and other improvements thereon, described and bounded as follows:—

1st. Northwesterly by land of Julietta Schwartz; Northwesterly by Green End Avenue; Easterly by Vanuise Avenue and by land of Howard Smith and others; Southwesterly by land of said Howard Smith and others; and westerly by land of Howard R. Peckham and containing including one-half of driveway on the Southwesterly corner; or however otherwise bounded.

2nd. Northwesterly by land of Mary Louisa Williams and Charles H. Wilson; Easterly by land of said Mary Louisa Williams and Charles H. Wilson; and westerly by land of said Williams or however otherwise bounded and containing about five acres.

Said premises being the same granted by said mortgage which is hereby made a part hereof.

And said mortgagee hereby gives notice that he intends to bid for said property at said sale thereof.

LYDIA M. WARD, Administrator.

ROBT. M. FRANKLIN, Attorney.

JAMES A. TABER, Auctioneer.

Rhode Island Sanitary

DUST REMOVING CO.

With our 30 Horse-Power Engine we Cleanse Your House from Attic to Basement in a Few Hours' Time.

Guaranteed Dustless.

A combination of Compressed Air and Vacuum. The pressure dislodges the dirt. The vacuum removes it to take in the wagon.

The only System of the kind in the world. CONVENIENT—Everything cleaned in place with less inconvenience to the occupants than the servant's daily sweeping. THOROUGH—Every particle of dust and dirt removed. Our apparatus reaches every nook, corner and crevice.

C. W. TWOMEY, NEWPORT MANAGER.

NEWPORT MANAGER.

NEWPORT MANAGER.

NEWPORT MANAGER.

NEWPORT MANAGER.

TOWN OF MIDDLETOWN.

Town Tax and Poll Tax for 1907.

Assessors' Notice

MIDDLETOWN, R. I., April 27, A. D. 1907. THE UNDERSIGNED, Assessors of Taxes for the Town of Middletown, in the State of Rhode Island, do hereby elect thereon and sworn, hereby give notice that for the purpose of assessing the town tax or other taxes on the third day of April, A. D. 1907, and of assessing the Poll tax for the current year A. D. 1907, as provided in Chapter 17 of the General Laws of this State, they will meet at the Town Hall in said Middletown, on

Wednesday, the Twenty-second

day of May next, A. D. 1907,

on Thursday, the twenty-third, and on Friday, the twenty-fourth days of said month of May, and will be in session on each of said days, from ten o'clock a. m. until four o'clock p. m., to make and complete the assessment of the two taxes hereinbefore mentioned and fix a valuation on the taxable property of said Town.

All persons and corporations liable to said taxes in said Middletown are hereby notified and required to bring in to the undersigned, assessors as aforesaid, a true and exact account of all the taxable property, describing and appraising the value of every parcel of their real and personal estate, and to make oath to the truth of said account before the undersigned, assessors as aforesaid, who pays no property tax, or property tax less than one dollar, and who, if registered would be qualified to vote, is liable to the assessment of a poll tax of one dollar, or 80 cents, whichever he chooses, otherwise assessed against said person or persons to one dollar.

ISAAC LINCOLN SHERMAN, ASSESSOR OF TAXES. ISAAC LINCOLN SHERMAN, ASSESSOR OF TAXES. ISAAC LINCOLN SHERMAN, ASSESSOR OF TAXES. ISAAC LINCOLN SHERMAN, ASSESSOR OF TAXES. ISAAC LINCOLN SHERMAN, ASSESSOR OF TAXES.

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Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate.

To James Lench, the Heirs of Hannah Lench and all other persons interested in the premises:

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage Deed, given by said James Lench and Hannah Lench to Charles Dyer, dated October 17th, 1891, and recorded with the Register of Deeds, book 3, pages 119-128, and for breach of the conditions of said Mortgage Deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold by public auction on the premises, on

MONDAY, May 20th, 1907,

at 11 o'clock a. m., the premises described in said Mortgage Deed, as follows: A certain lot or parcel of land, together with the buildings and improvements thereon, situated in the town of Middletown, and bounded as described as follows, viz: Fronting by the street on the West, and bounded on the North by land formerly of Durfee and Chaffee, four rods; and Easterly, by land of Austin Walker, ten rods, comprising a total of land more or less, and however else the same may be bounded or described, is lot number 13, in section A, on a plat of land called "Hedge's Heights" and the same premises conveyed to and by deed of Austin Walker of even date herewith, to be recorded.

Said premises will be sold subject to all liens. Terms at sale.

CHARLES DYER, Mortgagee.

Court of Probate, Middletown, R. I., April 15, A. D. 1907.

ALBERT A. ANTHONY, the Administrator on the estate of William H. Anthony, late of said Middletown, deceased, presents to this Court his first and final account thereof, and thereon prays that the same may be examined, allowed and recorded.

It is ordered that the consideration of said account be referred to the Court of Probate, to be held at the Town Hall in said Middletown, on Monday, the twentieth day of May next, A. D. 1907, at one o'clock, P. M., and that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week at least, in the Newport Mercury.

ALBERT L. CHASE, Probate Clerk.

4-23-1W

Cleveland House